

DISORDER

March 1995 ★ THAT TAKE-OUT MAGAZINE FROM CITR 101.9 FM ★ FREE



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March '95 #146

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Airhead



Dear Airhead,

Disclaimer: This was written by a musician. Musicians are scum. The scummy sheets are full of them. For many musicians in the 90's (just had to throw in that "in the nineties" - makes it sound so brutal and real) the street is the only place where they can rub shoulders with their superiors.

The street is our lowest common denominator or LCD. (Blatant social division, tribal rivalries, petty revenge taking, thievery.) Two great ways to get ripped off (I'm talkin' culturally here): A) Hang around Granville St., B) By a CD full of pop music. (Incidentally, going to an art gallery runs a close third.) The irony is, wherever you spend your

loonies, you support pop culture. That's because OUR CULTURE CAN BE PURCHASED like any other commodity.

The point I feel I must make is - why support scumbag musicians to such an unhealthy and exaggerated extent when they're really only interested in masturbatory their own egos into (the) various media in the form of phoney clichéd poses (and) while producing infantile shock pop music which will only be seen decades to come as being the sad result of a culture which is ridiculously egocentric (read: really fucking warped) and highly OVER-ENTERTAINED?

Evolution? cannot happen until we grow up off the street. Finding enlightenment™ (for those of you who are interested in the process of un-learning practically everything you've been taught) means shaking off the primitive thinking of belonging to anything less than the whole of humanities. Thank-you and goodnight. I've got to go practice my scales.

Chumpy Bolero, Lords of Kitsch
Look for our new release "And don't forget your rotten tomatoes!" and support MAMMIE (Musicians Against) (other) Mu-

sicians Marketing (of) Inane Effluvia. Peace.

P.S. We sure don't want to insult anyone, and it is not our intention to stir debate.

Why support scumbag musicians? Well, I sure beat my last gig supporting a scumbag slavedriver who paid me the least amount of money the law would allow while demanding that I run my ass of serving his shitty product to a bunch of ungrateful, inbred low-lives. Other than that, let's just say your mother never a thing or two when she named you Chumpy.

Dear Airhead,
Hi! I like the new issue, espy (sic) the Zampano article by Grant.

Just wanted to make a correction. In your page three intro you say hockey is Canada's unofficial sport. In fact, Parliament last year finally did something right. Hockey was declared the official national winter sport, while lacrosse, the former national sport, was relegated to the official national summer sport. I don't know the exact date this was voted on, but I'm sure the UBC library could tell you.

I totally agree with your comment on the current state of af-

fairs of NHL hockey. Although today's Canucks are among the most exciting teams in the league, I kind of miss the days of Thomas Gradin, Gary Lupul, Jere Gillis, Harry Snepsts and Stan Smyl. I certainly won't be attending any games this season. Too many fans have been paying too much money for too long.

Bob Mackin

Disclaimer: This response was penned by DISORDER's seldom-heard-from (and soon-to-be-unemployed) Sports Editor, Good for you, Bob! It's nice to know that there are a few puck fans out there who are reluctant to return to the Pacific Coliseum. Judging from the attendance figures for the 'Nucks this year, there are quite a number of us. It takes a lot of balls to turn your back on a passionate affair; we all love hockey but it's time to exercise a little self control. It's no one's fault that our beloved game is also a business, but that damned strike only made me more aware that passion d hockey is controlled by a pack of Ferragamo suited fat bastards. I too, long for the days of those moribundly untalented, clown-suited losers who took us on that springtime joyride so many years ago.

Fact: the 'Nucks have a wealth of stud hockey players.
Fact: the 'Nucks have the ultimate hockey boss, the almighty Pat Quinn.
Fact: the 'Nucks have brought

us to the brink of ecstasy many a time, only to have our inflated hopes dashed on the rocks of disillusionment. Now don't get me wrong, I'm a puckjunkie now and there is no end in sight, but this season I think I'd rather see those fat cats eat a little humble pie 'cause my puckluck is going elsewhere.

Next year might be a different story, though.
P.S. As for digging Zampano, get in line, pal.

Hallo Canadians!

My subscription expires in March, but I'm not sure if I want to delay it. I've been three times in Van., but it is sooo far away from my daily life that I can't handle the information in DISORDER, but I really like this magazine. Anyways, I'll think about it. But: You could do me a favour and print a record review. It's about two CD's by Edward Ka-Spel and the Silverman, both known as the heart of the legendary Pink Dots. Edward released a few records with Kevin "Skinny Puppy" Key under the name The Teardrums. If you don't print it: The world won't stop, if I: Sorry for my grammar and the mistakes, my German is a little bit better....

Sven
Your wish is our command, baby. See page 24 for the review.

A NEWCOMER IN YOUR LIFE IS BECOMING MORE IMPORTANT.

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cowshead

I have never feared for my life, this is of some concern to me. I know people who's lives have flashed before their eyes and after a couple of wild turkey's and several shots of cervico gold can't stop talking about it. damn them, they're just weak of spine I suspect. I have been to south Chicago and the very bowels of Detroit, yet never once felt that my life was in jeopardy at any time in new york I ran the gauntlet from subway train to subway train and always made it back to my home base in hotsoken, new jersey. as a teenager I loved with my father's good nature and what I knew were idle threats. I knew he'd never kill me for getting the car home three days late. I have fought tooth and nail in back alleys, in my youth of course, with other guys, and even at those times when I was getting the proverbial stuffing knocked out of me I never feared that I would die, not really, at what point do we know we are going to die or could at any time expire, be it from a shot to the cranium or some sort of impending doom, now a fiery car crash or any sort of quick painless death doesn't count because you have no time to think about it. one second you're crossing the street to get a slice at 7-11 and the next you're laid out on the road like a cheap rug.

dead, and it's not like you know you're dead as you lie there crushed beyond recognition. "damn, I'll never make it for dinner now, I'm dead," but those times when the adrenaline starts coursing through my veins and my heart drops to my balls and I fear for everything I hold dear, and I think I'll never eat another topanaga cafe burrito, it hasn't yet come there have been times in my car when I thought I may go off the road and careen into the side of a barn not more than twenty yards away, or worse yet into oncoming traffic, but it hasn't happened, yet, oh well, I guess I should be thankful, but if I do expire before the next cowshead, bill baker and don bull get everything - let 'em light it out.

gib

always remember and never forget

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Vancouver Special



by Sean Raggett and Dale Sawyer

Two benefit concerts have been announced to raise fire prevention awareness following the tragic death of D.O.A. drummer Ken Jensen in a fire at his home on January 29. In conjunction with the Vancouver Fire Department, the Commodore Ballroom will host the first benefit, featuring SNFU, Gus, Mystery Machine and members of NoMeansNo. The Hanson Brothers, D.O.A., The Show Business Giants and Mr. Wrong. Funds raised will benefit the survivors of the fire and will also go toward the purchase of smoke detectors and fire extinguishers, which will be distributed free throughout Vancouver to those in need. The second is an all-ages gig at the New York Theatre on March 4, featuring Sparkmaker, Facepupper, Dog Eat Dogma, Aging Youth Gang, Hunting Humans and Scum Elements.

February was a busy month on the live scene. Sparkmaker and Truffhant performed on an all-ages bill originally scheduled to include Portland's thirty eighth and Hazel, but the show was shut down by Vancouver Police soon after the market finished their set. Punk rock antics, you say? Rowdy teens stoned on crack, infiltrating the daycare centre next door? Free donuts? Nope, there was nothing out of the ordinary on this rainy Saturday night. The all-ages, alcohol free event was hosted without any explanation from the fuzz. A phone call to Denise Sheppard, the show's organizer (and Vancouver correspondent for *National Chart*) revealed that the Pitt Gallery had been visited by members of the Vancouver Police Department on Saturday afternoon. The city's finest (by whose criteria we've yet to figure out) informed the gallery staff that the show could not take place without the necessary permit and assured them that it was too late to obtain one. However, the permit WAS secured, and the show began as scheduled. Neither Denise nor the staff at the Pitt

Gallery have been given any explanation as to why the show was shut down, and an official comment from the Vancouver Police could not be obtained by press time. (One of the VPD employees we did talk to, however, declared, "The bastards!" when informed of the incident.) The Pitt Gallery has been hosting gigs and other events for some 17 years without incident, but this incident throws the gallery's future as a venue into doubt. Already, Nardwaur's "Skookum Chief Powered Teenage Zit Rawk Angst" gig has been relocated (see below), and a benefit to raise funds for a technical college on the Lytton Reserve that was to take place on the Saturday following the "big bust" had to be cancelled. Watch this space for further info next month...

As for the show itself, Truffhant (with cub's drummer Lisa on guitar and drums) were a little too jangly for my taste, but it was neat when Denise did her acoustic number with a Fisher Price xylophone. Sparkmaker, however, were fully up to par, nothing short of amazing - although the lack of band risers forced the majority of those standing behind the front line audience enthusiasts to only hear and not see the performance. The second half of the show was relocated, thankfully, to a house in Burnaby (you rule), where thirty eighth and Hazel finished the evening with amazing performances - Hazel's Jody said it was the best show they had played in months. Denise would like to thank everyone who attended the show for doing the indie community proud by being so understanding and cooperative and for not stooping to the level of one or two of the (ahem) more aggressive members of the police force (A big wet kiss out to the Team Horton member who, G.I. Joe-like, purposely rammed my leg with his pedal crank and told me it was time to "move along," while I was waiting for friends to exit the venue. Maybe next time?) Spe-

cial thanks to those of you who didn't ask for refunds so that the bands could be paid. "I dare you find a cooler group of people."

Positive Records have organized an all-ages show with the honest-to-cruellers best roster in months. The pop/punk/hardcore talents of Sparkmaker, Mystery Machine, dhs, Seamen, McRackins and Gob will be on hand to punk rock your way February 24 at the Langley Civic Centre. Wow.

Don't forget to come early for Nardwaur's "Skookum Chief Powered Teenage Zit Rawk Angst" wing-ding, March 9 at Studio J. Scheduled to perform are: The Tonics, The Evaporators, The Fallouts (from Seattle), Dub Nardelle (featuring K Records' Calvin Johnson, from Olympia), and I.A.'s Harvey Sid Fisher (with his Vancouver lounge band containing members of Zumpango, Smugglers and Superconduct). Joey Cheezhee is even scheduled to make a special appearance. Nardwaur's third full-length LP compilation will be officially released, an incredible collection of "the best bands in the world," as well as interview snippets with Nardwaur vs. Beck and Timothy Leary. Doo do do do do.

On to some band news. Gob are set to release a "7" record at the end of the month with the help of local Netter Records, and the project, the project, Gob are also set to hit the road soon.

Less than a month before their scheduled European tour, Strain have lost another member. Guitarist Greg was replaced last month by BNU's Jinx, and a few weeks ago drummer Len mysteriously vanished. Len was eventually tracked down at a Hare Krishna temple, with no immediate plans to return to the band. Strain are currently auditioning a new drummer as the band jets across the Atlantic next month.

Good news - the word on the street is that Victoria's Bum are once again a unit, with former Tankchord drummer Terry replacing the skins, and Smugglers/Tonics member Nick taking lead guitar duties. The future of the legendary Victoria power-pop unit was thrown up in the air when founding singer Rob and drummer Graham declined their bandmates' decision to relocate in Vancouver. Check out the new Bum live album and new double split *Bum/Teengenerate* single, with both bands covering each other's songs. Bum play March 9 at the Pit Pub (UBC).

Last year's Shindig winners Speedbuggy have exhausted their recording winnings and are completing new material at Fun Strip studio, a basement operation where Sister Lovers is also rumoured to be working.

The material is being produced by Brian "Time Toy" Wilson, the man responsible for the *Horifying Circus Music Christmas* compilation released months back. Drummer Chris says that the material will either be released as a four song "7" or a ten song CD, "depending on how it turns out." Chris also spoke of a WWF-street-style alteration which saw Speedbuggy singer Simon throw Joe, guitarist of The Mayors, into a mailbox, where he temporarily lost consciousness. "We're still friends - we were just WWF wrestling like we always do. There might be a rematch soon." Apparently there was a videographer to record the punk-rock spontaneity and the craziness might even form a segment of the next Speedbuggy video, maybe they'll get more footage next month when the two groups are set to tour together.

After a first printing delay, Facepupper's new Bang-On (Cargo) release *Antony of Noise* is ready to hit the streets immediately. Facepupper play the Hungry Eye on February 25 with 25¢ Peepshow, The Slaxxi Quartet & Wicked Swimming Dog.

The Anza club was host of two particularly memorable shows worth mentioning. I'm not sure why the 70's brown checkered carpet and dull, ambient lighting struck me as being cozy this month, but both the *Gaze/Baise Pascal/Jessamine* performance February 11 and the *Petrolia/Marvin Gardens* February 18 shows were both great in a lo-fi, loungey kind of way. Gaze played their dreamy lo-fi wash of drifting soft vocals and idiosyncratic rhythms well. Baise Pascal were particularly good, texturing a technically complex wash of guitar all over the sleeping indie rockers in attendance. Jessamine disappointed me, although for fleeting moments there was sonic bliss (must have been the fuzzbox farlistia). The next week, the Anza provided Petrolia with an ideal atmosphere to perform their heavily slacker-styled set. Especially Sebadoh comparisons spring quickly to mind, especially when the singer seemed to all but mimick Pavement crooner Steve Malkmus' worn-down shaggy yelps (read *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain*), but the shifting tempos never broke stride, and Petrolia waded in and rocked Jax proudly. The band plans to release a "7" record soon, and are performing with Marmalade March 16th at the Hungry Eye.

Co-op radio CFRO 102.7 is holding a benefit March 4 at the Commodore Ballroom. The fifth annual celebration of the music of Latin and Central America will feature three of Vancouver's best Latin bands, Orquesta B.C. Salsa, Piramide and Songo Son. Call Moira at 684-8494 for more information.

Vancouver's 4th Annual Music West Conference is calling for volunteers. Volunteers are needed in a variety of areas related to the music industry, including technical services, production assistants, hospital-ity, administration, media relations, on-site crew, transportation and registration. For more information, contact Jolene at 684-9338.

For up to date underground musical happenings, call the Vancouver punk line: 684-PUNK.

Hackers can e-mail "Vancouver Special" <city@unbc.ubc.ca>

DALES REVIEWS

It's always a pleasure to get a tape from someone I have actually voted for in the past. The candidate in this case is none other than Wretched Ethyl, a.k.a. Chiamian Bullman, a mayoral hopeful for the City of Vancouver in 1993. Chiamian's enterprising band, which has a quarterly newsletter, a T-shirt line, and an e-mail address for correspondence (and I did mention Ethyl-Net!), have added a guitarist since the release of their CD *Ethyl Through the Window*. I don't know if he's got anything to do with it, but his band keeps getting better with each new release, as the music on their latest arrives. Their sound is heavy, yet nimble; sardonic, yet serious; crunchy, yet smooth. It was 'stuck to the roof of your mouth, either. For Ethyl-Net, point your Web Browser to <http://www.wimsey.com/~infinitylethyl> we hope. Their e-mail address is infinitylethyl@wimsey.com, and for regular horse-and-carriage mail, they're at P.O. Box 3507, Vancouver, BC V6B 3Y4.

The three songs I've got by the *Insipids*, recorded live in a boozecan, definitely show this new outfit to be a 'fin' band. Kicking off with a fuzzed-up surf instrumental, the stage is set for lurid scenes of punk insanity. I wanna check them out live after hearing this tape, so I think it's safe to say the three songs the *Insipids* fire at you like rock 'n' roll rocket launchers are totally effective in their promotional objective. The *Insipids* are here to kick some ass and, hey, watch out, it could be you if you don't devote yourself entirely to their raging, drunken cause.

I'm not entirely sure if this tape's been already been covered elsewhere in this esteemed rag, but I think that *Giblet's* 12-song cassette *I Dubs Deserves* at least another mention. This one kind of reminds me of an Epitaph recording, but without the cloying singing choruses you might expect from, say, the "O" band, or their labelmates.

These fellows from Victoria definitely show their chops on this one. I might even go so far as to say it's the kind of hardcore old King Crimson fans might get into, if there are any left. *Giblet* can be reached at 2347 Belmont Ave., Victoria, BC, V8R 4A2.

Speaking of prog-punk hybrids, *Trapazoid* are a new local quartet with a decent self-titled six song cassette. The "prog" label applies mainly because the last track, "Blindfold", reaches for that hallowed ten-minute mark. The sweet melodicism on "Garden of Eden" is only frosting for the bitter (but rich) cake of cooheas-trapazoids such as "Rockstuck". Vocalist Jive is the real chameleon here, bending and stretching his pipes to such an extent that I wouldn't be surprised if she appears in photographs with herself now and then. No address, but I think they live in East Van somewhere.

I found a soft spot in my cardiac tissue for the music of Harry S. Mudallur, who may or may not be calling his band Magic Ballroom. The three-song James Bowers production kicks off with the Richard O'Brienish "De Weind", which is ostensibly intended as a kind of Hallows'en carol but could easily provide the opening act for a *Rocky Horror* party any time of year. However, it's the other two, "Message to Receiver" and "Mrs. Brown/Butterfly", that really intrigued me. The cocktail of Bonzo Dog Band, Ween, The Beatles, Wonderstuff, and 10CC (or, more accurately, Godley & Creme) served up by Mr. Mudallur is thick and sweet, but leaves you with a light-headed feeling. Now someone give me a fucking aspirin... (Write 'em: 2436 W. 15th Ave., Vancouver, BC V6K 2Z2).

Finally, I'd like to generate some hoopla about a couple locals who take a hard-line D.I.Y. approach to their craft. *Chumpy Bolero*, with his *Head Trophies* project, is committed to noise of the most animal variety. Inspired by the intellectual terrorism of the imposed order of the prison cell, the psychiatric hospital, and the battlefield, *Head Trophies Never Sleep* is a collage of what sounds like radio and TV noise, appliances, and steel mill-esque electronics. You can try and reach *Head Trophies*, but they'll "just stare back at you". Using more standard instruments, but sounding not much more conventional, is *Zio*, headed by ex-Crawl and Trust Us drummer Tod Dorozio. This material stems from a side-project of Prof. Zio, who has a wonderfully eccentric taste in the stores called *Hang Life Mask*. Unlike Prof. Zio, *Zio* involves other musicians, and notably a violin player. If you're a fan of Faust and Henry Cow (and hey, who isn't?) then this pastiche of

vocal acrobatics, Kafka-esque lyrics, clever found-percussion rhythms, and fucked-up guitars should tickle your taste buds. Chamber music for the insane. Anyway, gotta run: I hear they're gonna plant the stuff in Vegas.

SKYLER'S REVIEWS!

The Mysterons
Velvet Walls (cs)
The carnival-like atmosphere of *Velvet Walls* is wonderful and spirited, and the dirty rotten organ boogie pumps and shouts on "Stingray" and "Inferno" keep me back-stepping and snapping my fingers. A fine release, featuring 22 carefree compositions of instrumental farfista bliss. Fun. (#200-1220 Cardero St., Vancouver, BC, V6G 2H7)

Submission Hold
The Buzz of a Buzzle Situation (cs)
Intelligent, sociopolitically aware punk. Formerly Insult to Injury, Submission Hold delve into more obscure territory than on their first cassette, combining Jen's ranging voice from pop-tart innocence to raging scream (Naked Aggression). I enjoy "Kids" and "Generated Generation." "Masters of War" steps towards (dare I say?) a metal tip. "Mal Tête" is hopeful in its serenity. A 12-song

DIY giant. (P.O. Box 21533, 1850 Commercial Drive, Vancouver BC, V5N 4A0)

Sugarcandy Mountain
Sugarcandy Mountain (cs)
Featuring at least one member of Montreal's Les Minstrels (who now call Vancouver home), this two song demo has an airy 60s Beatles feel to it. "Hands in the Dark" is technically cautious and melodic, while "Mouth Full of Love" is well connected and artistically blended. Reminds me of New Zealand's Chills. Excellent cate pop. (2131 Southside Drive, Vancouver BC, V5P 4S5)

The McRackins
What Came First? (cd)
The McRackins hatch 15 adept Bum/Supersuckers rock numbers on this driving power-pop venture. Lots of chorus work, and a nimble number about psychopaths: "willy killigan/i don't know/if he gets out on parole." "Bittergreen" (a Gordon Lightfoot cover) and "The Last of His Kind" are standouts. Love the egg theme. Get crackin'. (9237 117 Street, Delta BC, V4C 6B6)

Seamen
Liquor Face (cd)
The first Bad Robots release, a heavy hitting, quick and snappy power punk offering. "Bullet" is an uplifting and well crafted

rock number. "Freighttrain" rumbles and bounces along. I like Seamen (sorry - couldn't resist). (3319 Shelbourne Street, Victoria BC, V8P 5H2)

ALL AGES SHOWS!

Friday, February 24:
Sparkmarker, Mystery Machine, Gob, Seamen, dhs & McRackins at the Langley Civic Centre (doors at 6pm).

Friday February 24: AIDS benefit featuring DDT and guests at the New York Theatre.

Saturday February 25: Pluto, Gob, Cinnamon & Queazy at Crosstown Traffic.

Saturday March 4: Ken Jensen Memorial: Sparkmarker, Facepuller, Dog Eat Dogma, Aging Youth Gang, Hunting Humans and Scum Element at the New York Theatre.

Friday March 10: Harvey Sid Fisher, Dub Narcotic, The Fallouts, The Evaporators & The Tonics venue at Studio J.

Saturday March 11: Pro-Choice Benefit at the New York Theatre - bands TBA.

Wednesday March 15: D.R.I., Strain, Ponyboy & Ten Days Late at the New York Theatre.

Saturday April: SNEU record release party with Gob, dhs & surprise guests at the New York Theatre.

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FIRE PREVENTION/AWARENESS BENEFIT CONCERTS IN MEMORY OF KEN JENSEN

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SATURDAY MARCH 4TH

ALL AGES



AGING YOUTH GANG
SPARKMARKER
FACEPULLER • HUNTING HUMANS
DOG EAT DOGMA • SCUM ELEMENTS
SPECIAL APPEARANCE BY JOE "SHITHEAD" KEITHLEY Admission by donation • \$4.00 recommended

New York Theatre 639 Commercial Drive, Vancouver

All proceeds from the benefit will go to the survivors of the fire and for the purchase of smoke detectors and fire extinguishers which will be distributed throughout Vancouver to those in need.

DON'T YOU THINK THE GUILT IS PUNISHMENT ENOUGH?



ART BERGMANN

what fresh hell is this?

IN STORES NOW

Who are you and what do you do?
24/SWF/NS/indoorsy/good at parallel parking. Oh yeah, I also write songs.

Describe your sound in 25 words or less.
Alternative adult contemporary. A pansy among riot girls. First album, *Slumming*, is half acoustic waltzes and half electric grinds. Big on theme of accountability.

Who is Kim Linkin and what is the difference between Kim Linkin and Kim Linkin?
A consonant and a vowel. Other than that, I'm not sure since I've never met him. I hear he's a Sparkmaker. I thought we might be cosmically fated to be together, then I found out he's shorter than me.

Have you had trouble getting gigs?
It's been no trouble getting gigs at midnight on a Monday where you make about \$20. I don't seem to fit the hard-core clubs or the coffeehouse scene, so I mostly play at the Railway Club (upcoming shows sometime between April 6-8th and one on April 24th). Someday I'd like to play before my bedtime. In a smokeless room. With a sound system that you'll rip your ears off. I want a lot of things.

Has anyone ever been rude to you?

I played an outdoor gig with my old band Silent Party in Victoria, and some punker from another band was dander (and paid) to run across the stage with his pants down and try to swing his skirt up. He wasn't laughing when the police charged him with sexual assault afterwards. I don't know if I'd consider him rude or merely stupid. I only got upset when his groupies called me a "c**t" for getting him in trouble - women's liberation included. Otherwise I sat back and read with amusement the huge debate it sparked. People wrote letters to the CFUV newspaper arguing that I'd "asked for it" because our band covered a Guns 'n' Roses song (remember their *Appetite* album artwork?), or else I was made into a poster girl victim of "symbolic rape." My opinion: don't let an asshole upstage you. Simple. Of course, all they made him do was write me an apology letter and perform at a benefit, so I doubt he suffered much. However, no one from that crowd ever messed with me again.

Why are some people repulsed by acoustic guitar stuff?

If this question is a not-so-subtle swipe at the fact that I've written a few acoustic songs that you can shove your Les Paul up your

snotty little alternative bum. Some people are repulsed by sex too.

Who should be featured in *Dis-corder*?

You mean besides me and all the bands I like? As long as you never put Tom Cruise or Demi Moore on the cover, I'll be happy.

Without naming names, give a description of a band that you hate and why you hate them.
If you can't name names, why bother. I hate Celine Dion because she makes Canadians look vapid and vanilla. But she's an easy target. Let me stick my neck out a bit. I don't understand the popularity of, say, Rymes with Orange. Door bings, ok guys? Say I read fast. Their songs sound like Mexican jumping beans to me. I think the flip are over-rated. They haven't put out an album of good songs since *Up to Here*, and it's my guess that people like the idea of them more than they actually like their music. I'm cheated off at R.E.M. because their videos have become pointless, their concerts over-priced and Nipe's lyrics whiny. I hate that everyone thinks Liz Phair is so progressive when all she's doing is acting like a macho slut. That's not progressive; that's a cheap trick. Sting's gone fully completely f-l-a-c-k-i-d: what a disappointment. I love Courtney

Love. I think she's a better widow than Jackie Kennedy ever was. I love Crash Vegas, Sam Phillips and the Poses. I love my friend Michele's hand. Taste of Joy, because I know who the songs are about and because they're awesome songs. That's enough for now.

Explain the song, "Tired of Being a Man."

It's about how in the 1980's there was a big push to get girls interested in sports and science and all things "masculine." We were taught to be strong and smart and independent - to a fault. I think I was a physics geek in high school, mostly because it got me instant respect (and no dates, but that's another song). I took the "big girls don't cry" attitude into relationships and career aspirations and got crushed over it. In the last couple years I realized what a misogynist I was being. So what if I have PMS and I get googly-eyed over babies and I think free love is a crock of s*** and I like having shaved armpits and a clean house and I'd rather spare someone's feelings than tell them the whole truth when it's not terribly important. I've come to believe that womanly traits are a STRENGTH, not something to be ashamed of. Men deserve the same respect for their diff'culties, too. This may not be a startling revelation to

everyone, but it was for me.

Do you have any good train stories?

Last fall I went to Europe for a couple weeks and took a night train from Paris to Amsterdam. Got woken up every half hour by police to show my passport. Witnessed one poor black guy get tossed off the train for not having the right papers - or was it not the right colour skin. After I finished university I took Amtrak around the States (this was before they started derailling, thank God). I went from Seattle-Chicago-New Orleans-Houston-L.A.-Seattle. Everything but Texas was fabulous. I couldn't find one public washroom in all of downtown Houston. I got off the train in New Orleans and walked through the heavy warm mist thinking it was train exhaust until I left the station and realized all of New Orleans was like that. But they sure know how to put on a good lightning storm. My favorite night was spent on a terrace of an old ante-bellum house, sipping a chocolate milkshake and reading *Conan* while watching the moon get blasted out of the sky. We have such wimpy weather in comparison. My best day was Disney-land. I sat behind Robin Williams on the Small World After All ride and got so nostalgic in the Star Wars exhibit I nearly cried. As for

train travel, it's a lot of fun if you're careful. Women might consider wearing a wedding ring. I got hit on by a lot of male riders and none of them looked like Ethan Hawke.

Anything else interesting to say?

Yes, I hope so, but I have to finish writing three new songs in the two weeks for *The Kinnikinnick* CD (due out in May), so I'd better get to work. Thanks for the airplay!

Discography
Kim Linkin, *Slumming*, 1994 - 9 songs, available at Sam the Record Man, HMV, Zulu

Kim Linkin, self-titled, 1993 - 5 song demo
Silent Party, *Wake*, 1990 - 5 songs, posthumously released
Silent Party, *The Lead Empty Air*, 1989 - 8 songs

Guest appearances on:
Sarah McLachlan *Solace* Live CD
Pete McCormack *Breathe* CD
Danielle French *cassette*
Upcoming releases by She Stole My Beer, Richard Thomas and Balloon (U.K.)

Kim Linkin can be contacted at:
Jelly Branderhorst
248 Piedmont Drive
Victoria B.C. V8X 1L6
e-mail: mirth@mindlink.bc.ca

STARBOYS



Describe your sound in 25 words or less.
Straight from the balls, piss on your heels, sink fake, no bullshit, fuck it all, against the grain, burger and fries, Americanican punk metal chaos.

Who are you and what do you do in your band?

Kid Cosmic: I rant and rave and burn for the backlash, try and learn to take no for an answer, and wait for it all to come to me. Apocalypse: I deal with the dual rectum, fire pounding, UFO monster rig sound while romancing the senioritas and denying on-stage Lizzy riffs. Three: I shout at the devil and we talk beers and bass while he tries to peer through my S-boy facade of glasses and headbands. Masterbeater: I blunt, drink, and fuck between tom trills and dreams about the right tight bass sound. Armageddon: I listen to Warner Hodges and Bob Dylan speak to me in tongues as I dream about the ultimate kill 'em all guitar onslaught.

Is there anyone else playing such hot kickin' burnin', fuckin', or ??? styled beer gut rock in Vancouver?

Well, when we're in that gear we do it better than anyone else. We all went to Burnaby North Secondary School and are from the same suburb, but the comparison ends there. The only band who came close to our meat and potatoes rock hell was the long-gone Scramblers.

How many times did you play the Lunatic Fringe? Are you sorry it's gone?

We were one of the first bands to play the Fringe and played at least forty times in the space of 2 1/2 years. We are sorry it's history because it was the only toilet we had to play after we were banned from every other toilet in town for real or imagined reasons. We got hammered from 80th Street. The Big Easy, The Town Pump, The Cruel Elephant, The Hungry Eye, The Rock Cellar, and even The Fringe a couplea times. Our worst experience there was opening for Aminalator, who took a six hour sound check. We

got screwed for monitors and sound, and we drank about 100 things. Now I know how Weezer felt sound-checking with Bon Jovi. May they all perish in flames.

Recite a line from the song that changed your life.

Kid Cosmic: "Breaker One-Nine this here's the Rubber Duck, you got a copy on me Pig Pen, come on." - from "Convoy" by C.W. McCall.
Masterbeater: "Sunshine bakes the daylight's outta me" - from "Rock On" by The Rolling Stones.
Three: "More beer, more beer" - from "More Beer" by Fear (Lee Ving kicks ass!!!).
Apocalypse: "Shot through the heart and who's to blame" - from "You Give Love A Bad Name" by Bon Jovi.
Armageddon: "Hey Ho, let's go!" - from "Blitzkrieg Bop" by the Ramones.

Do you like Flash Bastard?

If you mean the rhythm guitar player from Zodiac Mindwarp and the Love Reaction circa

1988, then yeah. Never heard the local copy.

What are the differences between Canadian and American beer?

Canadian beer is full-bodied, great-tasting shit (even the Great White versions of American beers i.e. Miller Genuine Draft) with the alcohol content listed on the cans (real punks only drink x%is) while American beer is sweet tasting, watered down piss water with the content of alcohol unmentioned the best American beers all seem to be directed toward the demographic of the population known as Afro-American. Frank Booth (from *Blue Velvet*) has his psychotic amyl-nitrate huffing credibility ruined by drinking Pabst Blue Ribbon (fuck dat shit).

What's a good question to ask The Starboys?

Q: Should the music industry suit the die A&R assholes and their high-falutin' lawyers be subjected to a Stalin/Di Amin like purge?
A: Yes.

How many times have you played at Old American?

Any interesting stories? We played at least three or four times. The best time was a Friday night when at least four fights spontaneously erupted during "Desolation Overdrive." Two girls fell fighting onto the stage and three guys were trying to pull them apart, but, as per our agreement with Satan, the train kept scollin' at a hundred miles an hour until we got shutdown.

Which Thin Lizzy song has the coolest guitar sound?

"Little Darling" off *Whiskey in the Jar*, cause it has the same revolutionary guitar sound that "Go All the Way" by The Raspberries, "Mississippi Queen" by Mountain and "All Right Now" by Free have.

What's the song "Chiba" about?

It's about the character called Molly Million/Sally Shears from the William Gibson books *Neuromancer*, *Count Zero* and the short story "Johnny Mnemonic." In the book, Chiba City

is the physical augmentation of the world and Molly has zeiss icon eyes, razor fingernails, and is the Queen of the Penobts.

What's the most important thing we should know about your band?

That we rock so fucking hard that we're out of phase and this town is totally alien turf to us. You should also know that our band name is not an ego trip, but is derived from *The Lost Boys*, *Star Wars*, and *Astro-Boy*.

Discography:
Reich and Rule: *Greatest Hits* 89-91 (1991)

Rhythm Natic (1993)
This Back Never Breaks (to be released in 1995)

The Starboys can be contacted at:
Sub-Velocity Records
6268 East Broadway
Burnaby, BC
V5B 2Y2
phone/fax: (604) 291-6597

THE LAST WISH YOU MADE WILL COME TRUE.

WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT

★ ★ JULY 4TH TOILET ★ ★

DO YOU PLAY IN YOUR BAND?

→ FRANK: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, DONALD: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, KNITTING NEEDLE: PLAYS GUITAR & SING, LES: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, MIKE: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, JEAN-PAUL: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, KAREN: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, JANISE: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, ALEXIS: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, ROB: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, JULIAN: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, JAY: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, ANDRE: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, MARC: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, MARK: PLAYS GUITAR & SING, PAUL: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, MARK: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, NADY: PLAYS GUITAR & SINGS, EIM: SINGS

3) DESCRIBE YOUR SOUND IN 25 WORDS OR LESS:

ANNOYING WITHOUT BEING LOUD, HEAVY OR FAST.

3) WHY ARE YOU JULY 4TH

TOILET AND NOT JULY 1ST
TOILET? ZIP CODE RAPISTS
NAMED US AND WE WEAR
THE NAME WITH PRIDE
(see BUNYON #6 FOR THE
FULL STORY.)

4) WHY DOES ROB

EXPOSE HIS PENIS
EVERY SHOW?

BECAUSE IT SINGS
Too!

5) WHAT IS THE "CARLTON

CUP"?

★ Carleton Cup ★

CANADIAN EDITION

THE ULTIMATE CANADIAN TRIATHLON

Date: Saturday, February 4th

Time: 6:00 PM SHARP

SKATE!

The Hibernian Canal

RUN!

Through Byward Market so that you can

DRINK!

the beverage of your choice at Le Chateau Lafayette

the audience here - every runner buys the winner a quest

the sponsors

All welcome

6) YOU PERFORMED A TEEN

POP-ROCK MUSICAL ONC:TR.

WHAT INSPIRED YOU?

PUBERTY, SWEATY PALMS,
ZITS, WOOLIES, SPOTTED
PANTIES, ESSENTIALLY
IT WAS PUBERTY.

7) WAS JOHN TRAVOLTA

HIPPER IN GREASE,
SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER
OR PULP FICTION?

NONE OF THE ABOVE.
BOY IN THE PLASTIC
BUBBLE WAS HIPPER.

COZ HE WAS IN A
BUBBLE, DUH.

8) ARE JULY 4TH TOILET

CHAMPIONS OF THE

SOUTHWALL SCENE?

WE WERE LIKE
PERISTROIKA--WE
TORE DOWN THE WALL.

THOSE KIDS ARE 6'4"

15) WHAT'S WRONG WITH DISCORDER? WHO SHOULD BE ON

THE COVER? IF YOU HATE TO ASK, THEN YOU'RE EVEN MORE

TAKE MUSIC SERIOUSLY

COUNTRY MUSIC

ROCK FANTASY

TRUCKIN' SONGS

BAND ON THE RUN

TEEN

BOY IN THE PLASTIC BUBBLE

WHITE LIES

OH

LOVE

LET ME, PAUL, BE YOUR COVER LAD

RUBBER SOUL

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

WUN

16) WHO WOULD WIN A BAR

BRAWL AT THE ARCHMEDES -
JULY 4TH TOILET, ZUMFANO OR
THE CABBIES? HUMPH...OR MAX

17) WHAT ARE YOUR DAY JOBS?



18) HOW LONG DOES THE AVERAGE

PHONE SEX CALL LAST? HEY, THE
NEXT TIME YOU CALL, TIME
YOURSELF.

19) WHY IS PAUL

KEHAYAS TRYING TO BREAK
UP THE TOILET? 'COZ WE'RE
NOT IN MONO. "I AM NOT
TRYING TO BREAK UP THE
TOILET - THE TOILET IS
BREAKING ME, "P. KEHAYAS

20) WHY DID ROB "FIRE" & THEN

"RE-HIRE" JODY? JODY WAS
ON A SPECIFIC CONTRACT AND
HE BROKE IT. (21) WHAT'S

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING
WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR
BAND? WHO TOLD YOU WE
ARE A BAND, WE'RE NOT A
BAND.

23) CONTACT ADDRESS

AND PHONE NUMBER:

JULY 4TH TOILET
C/O ROB & JULIAN & FLO
1715 WOODLAND DRIVE
VANCOUVER, B.C. V5N 3N6
(604) 254-1431

14) ARE POTTER'S FIELD THE

NEXT PEARL JAM?

PEARL JAM ARE THE
NEXT URIAH HEEP. POTTER'S
FIELD ARE THE NEXT STYX.

13) HOW MANY ZINES & COMIX

ARE CREATED BY MEMBERS
OF JULY 4TH TOILET? NO ZINE,
ONLY MAGS. THOUSANDS! MORE
THAN YOU COULD COUNT. SEND
US CASH, WE SEND YOU SOME THIN

12) DID ROB "OUT WEIRD"

THREE DAY STUBBLE?
NEVER! WE PRAY TO DONALD
& B.J. PUSSER DAILY. IT IS SAC-
RED. RELIGIOUS TO EVEN ASK THIS
QUESTION. HE THEN SCUM

9) IS IT HARDER TO

BE A TEENAGER
OR AN ADULT?

IT'S HARDER BEING
A BABY!

MR. HUNKRY, STOP EATING!
MY PIE!!

IT'S HARDER TO
BE A TEENAGER
OR AN ADULT?

IT'S HARDER BEING
A BABY!

MR. HUNKRY, STOP EATING!
MY PIE!!

10) WHY DIDN'T JULY 4TH TOILET

PERFORM @ SHINDIG?

WE WERE BUSY DOING A FOOD
BANK BENEFIT THAT CITY
NEGLECTED TO PROMOTE.
WHAT'S SO FUN ABOUT DIGGING
SHIT?

11) DO YOU HAVE MORE

ARTISTS IN YOUR BAND THAN
PUKE THERE ARE IN PUKE
THEATRE? WHO IS "PUKE
THEATRE, YOU BET WEARING,
CAPPUCHINO SIPPING, DISCORDER
READING, DRESSED IN BLACK
& SMOKE. THOSE STUPID GLOVE
CIGARETTES TEEN HIPSTERS.
AND WE SMELL BETTER.



Long purple hair. Slit dress. Red feather boa. Little high heeled boots. When Lynn Crosbie takes the podium at the Grant Gallery, she is Punk Rock Barbie, as much a distortion of pop culture as her writings. You imagine Lynn is tough; she would beat up Malibu Barbie and make her cry.

Lynn is not, however, a rocker. She is a kind of literary Jane-of-all-trades: poet, journalist, anthologist, and thesis-writing Ph.D. student. She has a regular column called *PopTart* in the Toronto-based political monthly, *This Magazine*, and last year she put together the *girl wants to*, an anthology of women's writings on representations of sex and the body.

When Lynn speaks, her voice seems to betray a certain jaded quality - a bored, I've-seen-it-all-so-don't-think-you-can-impress-me attitude. As does the subject matter of her writings; after all, this woman fucks Jesus in her poems. But Lynn discourages the reader from trying to access her psyche through her writings. "It [her work] lends itself to certain mythologizing about a persona that people assume I'm trying to create about myself the person, which I find disgusting. This book was reviewed in *Publisher's Weekly*, and they went on a big thing about me being a Ramboesque leather, garter, and chain wearing she-monster. Part of that amused me, but it has so little to do with the very serious work I'm trying to do. And I'm usually wearing very unattractive outfits when I'm writing these poems."

For the most part, what we think of Lynn really doesn't interest her, unless it becomes a catalyst for abrasive confrontations between her and her readers. "Usually when people see me they relax because I'm nothing like a persona they would have imagined. I'm a very low key reader, definitely not a performance poet. I read in Detroit last year and later my friend who had asked me to read said that all the people there were contrite because they'd expected a "big rock bitch" because of the reviews at the back of my book. They had found me quite diffident and were relieved - but my friend told them I *am* a rock bitch."

Lynn's most recent publication is her second book of poems, *Villainelle*. Like her first book of poems, *Miss Pamela's Mercy*, the poems in *Villainelle* start with familiar images of pop culture - Jack the Ripper, Betty and Veronica, Nancy Drew - and build erotic stories out of what would seem to some to be too sacred to sexualize. Lynn speaks of what we might quietly imagine (pro-

viding we had the creative audacity to challenge the order of things), but about which we would never dare to speak. *Villainelle* is an appropriate title for this collection: the title poem is about Aileen Wuornos, the first woman serial killer. And while this is the only poem of the bunch that tells the story of a woman law-breaker, there is a sense in which every poem is written from the perspective of a female villain. Every woman is a transgressor of some social-sexual rule.

As Lynn explains, "It's also a play on the poetic form, the villainelle, which uses lots of repeated words, because the book also repeats concepts and words and images throughout. It was a departure from my first book, which had revisionary re-tellings where all the women got their lives together and everything was

beautiful and fabulous and [they] escaped. I was letting women be a little bit more in this book - if they were villains, so be it - without having the urge as an author to create a conversion narrative

for them. A lot of the poems are definitely ironic and serious at the same time. It is subversive, of course, to have Betty and Veronica of the Archie Comics enact a love affair. But also it is meant to be playful, as is the poem about Elke Sommer and Xaviera Hollander and so on. There is a lot of serious intention in this book, but there is also a lot of play with the kind of pop tropes that I grew up with."

I tell her that I grew up with Nancy Drew, too, and we agree that Nancy's friend George was a dyke. "I wrote that [Nancy Drew's Theatre of Blood] because I was thinking of auto-erotic hanging and I'd never heard of a woman doing that. That was the germ of the idea for the poem wondering if women ever died during auto-erotic hanging, and then making that the great mystery that Nancy Drew uncovers in the poem."

...I select emotion-lotion and find it spreads like ice, and then burns - like reverent fury - under my tongue.
(from "Nancy Drew's Theatre of Blood")

Lynn has no anxiety over influence or idea origin; instead, she goes out of her way to acknowledge those who have affected her work. All of the poems in *Villainelle* begin with an epigraph, a quotation linking each of her stories to the creations of someone else. The epigraph and the topic of the poem tend to draw very unconventional links, as with the poem dedicated to Xaviera Hollander, the Happy Hooker, which begins with a quotation by William Wordsworth. "They're all related in my mind, but, yeah, you're right. They might be more obscure for someone else. But I love that Wordsworth poem, and I love the notion of a strange fit of passion where suddenly you're madly convinced that your lover is dead for no known reason. I've never really thought about the epigraphs. Part of that is in honour of the work that informs my writings; part of it is just an entree into the work as well."

Lynn describes her poetry as her freest form of writing these days, much more so than her journalistic exploits. "The *PopTart* column is my first foray into journalism, which is a radically different form of writing. The language has to be so much more simple and accessible. I found these constrictions frustrating at first; I found I had to explain too much. That irritated me. Instead of saying "Natural Born Killers", I had to say, "the movie, *Natural Born Killers*", which reminds me of academic writing to a certain degree: you can't make any assumptions, everything has to be proven and explained. There is just such enormous liberty in writing poetry that to be always constricted in those other forms can be oppressive."

I figure that Lynn is making artistic sacrifices to support herself as a writer, that journalism somehow funds her poetry. I'm wrong. While Lynn admits that it is impossible to make a living as a poet, she denies that journalism supports her either. "I believed in the project," she says. "PopTart doesn't pay a lot of money, but they've got a great staff [at *This Magazine*] and I have a lot of freedom to talk about what I want to talk about. I'm the kind of person who just sits around thinking all the time and getting either fascinated or irritated by pop, so it gave me a forum for that. But I would never take on a journalism assignment just for money because nothing interests me that much."

So as an anthologist, a poet, and a journalist, is there something that supports her in that little



nexus of skills?
"Besides the phone sex?"

today was a day like any other.
I stayed in my room and burned incense -
love me fairy cones - and dreamed about Veronica. I saw her black hair,
its streaks - *lapis lazuli* - in the crown of ash. I thought jealously
of her small hands in his, of the
squash-coloured stains at the nape
of her neck, where his cold lips embellished
her beauty
(from "Betty and Veronica")

I ask Lynn about the first poem that she ever wrote. "That I ever wrote? I think it was when I was 13. It was something about being lonely. And it probably had happy faces over the i's. The first poem that I wrote that led me to where I am now was this long poem called "Ann Romanologue" about the character on *One Day at a Time*. It was about her having sexual fantasies about Schneider. That would have been when I was 19 or 20."

"Ann Romanologue" would have fit easily into Lynn's anthology, *the girl wants to*. A crafty collection of comics, poems, short stories, photographs and song lyrics by cool American and Canadian women such as Kathy Acker, Fifth Column, Julie Doucet, Evelyn Lau and Lydia Lunch, *the girl wants to* is, like *Villain Earth*, a collection of writings by women who break the rules. And, to my knowledge, it is the first attempt to gather up such a diversity of underground feminist writings in a book which has enough mainstream appeal to attract a yuppie browsing at her local feminist bookstore, but which doesn't sacrifice the integrity of the fringe. The women in *the girl wants to* sell sex, fuck women, and play with electrical appliances. Inspired by Lynn's desire to honour women whom she admires and who inform her own work, the book is dedicated "to all the girls I've loved before."

When Lynn joined the editorial board of *Coach House Press*, publishers of *the girl wants to*, the board asked her what she wanted to do. "The publisher said, 'Do you have something in mind?' and I had this chaotic idea about all this stuff I was mad about at the time - underground comics, lots of foxcore, really hot sex writing, jouissance sex writing, just a lot of attitude I was seeing everywhere I looked. I grabbed some stuff from my place and showed it to her and she told me to run with it."

"All the women were paid virtually nothing. I applied for an *Explorations Grant* but I wasn't eligible. *Coach House* at that time was a non-profit press and is just barely a profit press now. There were so many contributors and we were offering a very small amount of money. The royalties from the book were to go to the Toronto Rape Crisis Centre. They'll be getting that money in June."

"For me it was just a great feeling from start to finish because these women contributed - many of whom earn twenty times what they were paid for that book - and that they did it in the spirit of a feminist collective."

the girl wants to brings the underground into the foreground, but does so without acquiescing to traditional, commercial forms. According to Lynn, "Some people were disquieted by that. A lot of the way through, but it has more of a collage nature, which I like. I think the thing that I like the most about the book is that a lot of the writers that are in it, when their work has come into Ontario, it has been seized by Customs. I got to send it out of Ontario, so there was no censorship. It's even in the public library system."

For Lynn, anthology production meant insight into the production side of things. "A lot of the work was a lot of wrangling with people's presses for permission. But some of the young, local writers I would work quite closely with, edit their work, ask them to go through revisions, and so on." The technical side did not scare her away from publishing, and she is presently working on an anthology of feminist conversion narratives - a collection of moments of radicalization - with a different press. Lynn admits that the term conversion is typically used to denote religious epiphanies, but the blasphemous nature of the project does not scare her toward conventionality. This really shouldn't be surprising, though. Jesus the low rider has visited her and she witnessed the final crash, the one that killed him.

I see myself
in shadow, resurrecting him.
I have the gospel lettered on my
forearms, in gold and green.
I have learned to live with sorrow,
and I am a believer. Jesus kisses
me, hard on the cheek, before he
turns, and rides away.
(from "Jesus the Lowrider")



"the longest
journey is
started by a
single step
take it"



When I was young, my parents used to read me Paddington Bear stories at bedtime. Paddington loves marmalade and I couldn't get over the fact that I didn't. The preserve, however, has grown on me and so have Vancouver's

who have female singers... whether those comparisons are fair or not. Simon points out that their sound is. "What we ended up with because everyone has such a different background... we don't consciously try to sound like anyone, it's just what

Eurythmics and Blondie. Stefan likes The Velvet Underground and surf-guitar groups like The Ventures. The whole band can agree on Pink Floyd, Joy Division, The Sugarcubes and Aretha Franklin. A diverse mix makes for an interesting sound. Marmalade was one of the stars of the semi-finals of Shindig, so

competition, but not to compete. As Trudi explains, "It was excellent because we weren't worried about the competition and we were relaxed because it was so last minute."

That seems to be the way Marmalade goes about getting shows. "We're pretty lucky," says Simon, "because we know lots of other people who play music in the city so

Marmalade

own moody pop-rockers. Marmalade. One of the fine participants in this year's Shindig, CYR's annual battle of the bands competition, they recently invited me over to their practice space for a tea party where we ate crumpets (with marmalade, of course!) and had a chance to chat.

Marmalade consists of Trudi Egerton Ball (guitar and vocals), Simon Woodcock (guitar), Stefan Udell (bass and vocals) and James Adams (drums). James and Simon played together in a band called The Rodchester Kings, which broke up in September of 1993. Trudi joined the two of them soon after the break up. Stefan came next, but left the band for a while because of his bass-playing duties in Clubber Lang, another local band. He returned for good in June of 1994.

Marmalade is an interesting name for a band and, according to Simon, a fitting one for them. "We have kind of a sweet side to us, like the pretty jangly poppy songs, and we also have a bitter side, sort of darker."

When I asked the band members if they had a concept, a goal, for what they wanted to sound like when they got together, they seemed stumped. They've been compared to Madder Rose, Bettie Serveert, and the Cowboy Junkies, so I asked them how they feel about that. Says James, "I guess when you have a female singer, you get compared to all the other bands

comes out. It depends on who came up with [the songs]. Most of Trudi's are catchier and [mine are] harder to listen to."

What are their musical backgrounds? James started out big in the 70's glam

I asked them about their experience in the infamous competition. Amazingly enough, Simon reveals that, "Those

were only our third and fourth shows, so considering that, [it went well]. It depends on the judges and what they like. We

we've been able to get shows based on who we know."

The band finds the local music scene really good, but doesn't think that most of the cool stuff gets the attention that it deserves. Trudi takes Moist as an example: "Sure they're all musicians, but they're marketed well... they get exposure and get to go places because they have lots of cash behind them while the bands who are really good just don't get recognition."

Specifically which local bands are they fans of? Pipedream, Squelch, Kid Champion, Zumpano, Mystery Machine... their list goes on. They don't believe that small indie bands need major labels, but it would be nice to have a label behind them. What about a manager? "We can do it ourselves," says Trudi, "but we just need to get our shit together, to get [ourselves] managed."

"Getting a manager is the second step," adds James, "and the first step is just playing around and [getting a network] of people who you know."

Not a bad attitude for a band that only got their final line-up together just eight months ago. They seem to be privy to the secrets to indie-rock stardom and their future does indeed seem bright. They have just recorded some songs to four-track for a cassette, with plans to go to eight or sixteen tracks in the somewhat near future. For now, though, they seem happy just to have shows to play.

Catch Marmalade March 16 at the Hungry Eye with friends Speedbunny and Squelch.

"a new chapter
in your life is
being written"



by Megan Mallett

rock like Kiss, didn't go into it expecting to win or anything."

Adds Trudi, "I was actually ready to vomit... people were saying it was a cute act on stage, but it was no act. I was so nervous, I was shaking. I have never been so nervous in my life. I got physically sick when I got home that night."

Marmalade's first show was at the infamous Big Bam Bx on Broadway. Trudi asked last minute to play the Music Quest

Kicking Giant

by samantha calvert



The name Kicking Giant conjures up images of a pretty damn intimidating nature; just think of it - a hulking beast tearing through the gentle, rolling landscapes, bent on destruction. For Tae Won Yu (guitar) and Rachel Carns (drums), the duo that is Kicking Giant, their "landscape" was the stiff, cynical New York art world of the late eighties. And the "destruction": the band's successful splitting apart of preconceived notions of what music should be by offering its version of what music can be.

Discorder recently had the opportunity to speak with Tae Won Yu, who is exactly half of Kicking Giant. Elaborating on his experiences in Cooper Union (art school) in New York, we discover how fate delivered Kicking Giant into the warm, welcoming hands of the enterprising folks at K records in Olympia, Washington.

Discorder: Where did the Kicking Giant name originate?

Tae Won Yu: It sort of came about a period long before we really started writing songs, at a level where people sit around and think about bands, so I had a whole mess of names. I just liked the way it sounded and knew it probably wouldn't be repeated. I was working in theatre at the time and was really influenced by how words sounded and titles and I thought Kicking Giant would be a good title for a play.

You met Rachel, your music partner (stand-up drums), when you were both going to art college back in the late eighties. When your first cassette *January* was released, what kind of reception did it meet with?

Well, among friends, quite positive. At that stage it was all about experimenting, and to make the point that you can do things yourself rather than wait for opportunities to come your way. At that point I didn't play shows. I was comfortable with writing music and making things myself. It wasn't really a traditional

The original Babe was a neutered blue bull (always referred to as "she"), the gargantuan companion and faithful sidekick of Paul Bunyan. Rumour has it that she created the Grand Canyon and the Great Lakes. These days, Babe has stepped out of the pages of American folk legend to tour as a band from Brooklyn. She's their mascot; she's their alter-ego: three CDs and many gigs later, Babe's a joke that none of them are sick of. Behind paper mache blue ox masks and blue body paint lurk Hanna Fox, Rose Thomson and Tim Thomas. This trio is tight, loud, powerful, fast when they want to be, and (dare I say it) quirky. Not your run-of-the-mill cut of alternative rock rump roast, this is the whole ox. Describing their sound is tricky: imagine Captain Beefheart meets NoMeansNo meets Mudwimmin meets Charles Mingus. Hanna steers (no pun intended) the whole unpredictable sound from her sparkles-painted drum kit. Rose plays the bass as though it were an unruly lover, and Tim plays guitar and fills the rest of the stage with his "big hairy 200 pound" self. They all take turns singing and shouting.

Babe the blue OX is not your typical alternative band. For starters, Rose, Hanna and Tim are years away from nineteen. They belong in a category of college graduates now working as artists and performers, part of the Great Over-Educated and Articulate, Unwashed Masses. When I asked what they were each currently reading, Tim mumbled something about a book on the effects of cat food on cat's breath, while Hanna replied "a little ditty called *War and Peace*." But they are certainly not in the camp of cynics dubbed (and written off as) *Generation X*. This is evident from the titles of their songs, such as "Ole Foggy Bottom" and "There's a Hole in the Crotch of My Workpants." Their world is one of grit, humour, and synecopation.

Despite a month of intensive touring, the three grooved together through soundcheck before opening for @ at the Starfish Room on February 9. Tim plays with granny-style reading glasses. Hanna plays in her socks. One of them sports a sticker on their bag that says "Loud Pushy Yew Queer." When we sit down to talk, the banter is thick and fast.

Babe the blue OX are often lumped together with all-women bands or bands headlining women. Their song "Flowchart" is the first track on the *A Far Cry* compilation, a CD featuring bands like Team Dresch, Free Kitten, De Deo and God Is My Co-Pilot. Though Rose says she likes to play with or appear on compilations with women bands ("it's one of the ways we get to meet other women musicians, not just some 21 year-old boy who wants to talk about his pedal"), both Rose and Hanna are bored of what they dub the "tit factor." They are, after all, a band of two women and one man; but when an interviewer asks to talk to "two members of the band," Rose and Hanna are inevitably the two in question. And though all three agree that efforts to promote female performers in the scene are a good thing, they are wary of ghettoizing women away from the overall stream of music culture.

All three members of the band write songs and collaborate on the music. Hanna says Tim writes a lot of the lyrics "because he's an incredibly prolific guy." He gets ideas all the time instead of once a year

like the rest of us." Tim's also the one with the hole in the crotch of his workpants, apparently, because now there's a little red heart patch on the crotch of his jeans.

Considering the variety of bands Babe the blue OX have been compared to (from Primus to the Minutemen), I was curious to know what influences, musical or otherwise, had shaped the band's eclectic sound. In response, Tim tells me a story of himself as a teen growing up in Minnesota (home of Paul Bunyan...) and exploring his sexuality. A male friend from New York used to play Michael Jackson's *Thriller* while they sat together in the dark listening and holding hands. At the time, Tim thought that's how all cool New Yorkers listened to music. This same friend also got him reading the *New Yorker*, alternative press, and listening to music "more

far-out than Michael Jackson." As far as what the band listens to now, Rose says "anything that'll make us cry." They all share an interest in musicals and misle spectacle. Tim tells me that they all met while auditioning for *Cats* (Rose and Hanna fiercely deny this). "I wondered what their fantasy 'Babepalooza' would be like. 'The Minutemen, P. Funk, Sly Stone and us' is Hanna's lineup. Tim is more vague. 'It would be a rich variety, lots of different people, maybe even Iris Dement. And probably us too.'"

After the show at the Starfish Room, Babe the blue OX were set to trundle back down the coast to play Olympia. They played Seattle the night before Vancouver. Three shows and five nights later they planned to play in Albuquerque. Two factors shaped this tour: the trio only wanted to tour for a

month, and they wanted to stick to places warmer than New York. So far, their best gigs were Alabama and the night they played Austin, Texas. Hanna tries to give me an idea of what their touring habits are like. "There was one wild night in Dallas where we got back to our hotel after the show and slept. We read. And then we slept." Rose adds, "I made valentines and talked about them obsessively. Then we slept." Actually, Tim, Hanna and Rose seem like very sociable people who stay up far too late laughing at their own jokes.

If you missed the show on February 9th, never fear. Babe the blue OX will return. They plan on more smallish tours in the spring and hopefully a fourth album in the fall to follow up *Color Me Babe*. Maybe if we're lucky Babe will make us a grand canyon of our very own.

**Out to pasture with
babe the blue ox**
- by anna friz

music project; I just did it for the fun of it.

How did Rachel get in on the scene?

We were both pretty frustrated by the narrowness of the attitudes at our school. We were very creative, obviously; we were at art school, Cooper Union in New York. It was really, you know, a high profile, high pressure kind of school and everyone there was quite serious about entering the mainstream art world. You could see through all that crap and it was about as pretentious as anything. I can't think of a more pretentious environment.

That must of been really stifling for both of you...

Yeah, I'm surprised how unhip people were to the music and to doing things yourself. Everyone was just really dependent on galleries and tradition, which is good but it wasn't for me. We needed a very spontaneous, immediate thing that we could be completely surprised about every day.

When you were in New

York, what bands did you see and what are some of those bands that ignited inspirations for this innovative music that you create?

It was between the years of 1987 and 1989 and this was a really fun time for us, we lived in the East Village. There was a bar called the Pyramid Club, a drag queen bar, that had rock and roll shows on Thursday nights, Wednesday nights, Tuesday too. Every week we would go out to the bar, and we saw Half Japanese, Mudhoney, Galaxie 500, Pussy Galore - all those bands were really great during that time. The records that were being put out during that period were really new.

How did you get involved with K records?

That was a natural process. I have always admired their work and attitudes and music - doing things yourself. It initially started out with them giving us really great support. We would make tapes and sell these to K, who would distribute them. When we came out here, they continued to do that. We were really good friends with the people who run it so that sort of naturally came

about. We cared about what other people's projects were; I would work with Calvin (Beat Happening) all of the time and so forth. When the time came to record again, it was just natural that they would pick it up. It's a good partnership, I feel very comfortable with it.

What would you say was the major difference between making music in the environment you came from in New York and doing it in Olympia, Washington?

Personally, I think in New York I wasn't able to get a lot done because I was young and my confidence in my abilities wasn't great and whatever concentration I had was so that I could support myself and pay the rent.

The bottom line?

Yeah, and I tried to support myself so that I could play music as well, but the situation was really the worst. It was the best because it was temporary, but I couldn't have lasted in that situation for too long; after a while, we didn't have a place to practice, all our equipment was trashed, we didn't have transportation... A

lot of the places that would book us, there was a respectable following there but the New York crowd is just really cynical - they are into it in a very different way. It put me down so much; I could feel a lot of intellectual analysis of music, not a soulful celebration. That was the whole idea and I was totally seduced by that, the idea that it could actually be fun.

Do you think as a movement, experimenting with different sounds in music, as you do, is going to hit the mainstream even harder than it has with bands such as Pavement, for example?

I think that what is considered experimental and surprisingly popular at this stage, if you really examine it on a wider scale, it's not so disturbing or challenging. I think that the best bands, often, what they do is take the old forms and add to it and it's this addition. That's a great thing to do, to have a place in the past to work from, and that's a real education. For us, we try to make music that's surprisingly fresh for us to play, and it's kind of hard for us to say or even worry about popularity

or whether it's accepted by people or not. But I can say that what is actually different about Kicking Giant is we never consider ourselves to be in the same category as indie-rock bands. We like the music that comes out of there, but I can't listen to that, and I really like soulful, funky music like hip hop and jazz. I spend more time trying to dig that and understand it inside. Playing music from most of what's available in that indie-rock category is really easy to do. In our band, certain attitudes that we are working on is being professional, representations of our pride and also expressions of my own as an immigrant, as an Asian-American, and Rachel's own experiences herself. We don't wear this attitude of we're slackers or we don't have something to say. That whole attitude is old and lame to us. I think that music can be such an explosion of potential, you can be on the side of giving, love, or something else and work towards that rather than play someone else's licks.

One of the tracks on your new CD *Alien ID* is a spoken work track...

The performer is Sue Fox, who lives in Olympia, and we're going on tour together. People consider it as spoken word and I guess it works to say that, but to us, she is the freest, most rock and roll thing on the record. With spoken word, everyone has these expectations of what it's supposed to be about, but the way we do it, I think it is closer to more primal rock and roll.

What do Kicking Giant have planned for the year ahead?

We are going on a five week tour next week, actually. We will be making a big circle around North America. I'm hoping to gather materials because I've never really traveled around the country that much. I have my tape recorder, sketch book, camera, and I want to try to gather as much material as possible and see what happens in the end. We are hoping to have something along with the record, maybe a book - something other than just the usual CD.

Kicking Giant play in Seattle on March 11.

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NARDWAAR VS. COURTNEY LOVE!

It's late Friday afternoon at CiTR 101.9 FM in July of 1991. The phone rings. Nobody's around to interview the band on the line. I volunteer to do it. What follows is an excerpt of my first encounter with Courtney Love....



Nardwaar: I said, "Babes in Toyland." Courtney Love: Well, why did you even bring them up?

Because I once saw them at a gig and they had Danelectro guitars. Well, I don't have a Danelectro guitar.

I didn't know that. Now I know. Thank you. So what if I don't have a Danelectro guitar? What the fuck difference does that make? Fuckin' Mudhoney probably has Danelectro guitars. Redd Kross probably has Danelectro guitars. Tad probably has Danelectro guitars.

Is Lux of the Cramps 53 years old? I don't know.

I noticed your P.O. box says Hollywood, California.... You there, Courtney? You know what? I've got to go.

It's really been fun talking to you.

I'm sorry, Courtney — I'm glad that you like our band. I hope you come to our show.

I'm sorry, Courtney — I'm super-impressed that you have a radio show. I hope you have lots of listeners. And I hope that you have a great life.

But Courtney, before you go, can I say something to you? Oh, you can say something.

I am sorry. Here I am apologizing again. I'm sorry that I began off with that question: "Has anyone ever been mad that Hole isn't an all-girl band?" I didn't mean to bring that up at all — You're asking the most obvious questions. They're like rude and they're pointless and they don't mean anything about anything.

Okay, well I guess in the future I should do more research. Possibly. **Would that have been better?** Finally, here, what would have been the best question to ask you, Courtney of the rock band Hole? I have no idea, Nardwaar. Talk to you later, though.

Okay, thank you very much. Goodbye.

Hoping to ask Courtney a few questions at Hole's August 1993 appearance at the Town Pump, I arrive extra early at the venue:

Hello, Courtney. Hi, it's me, Nardwaar. I told him to get you out of here. You're not allowed back here.

I was going to say "hi" to you. But you're not allowed back here, Nardwaar.

But I just want to say "hi" to you. I brought my camera here, too. Nardwaar, I'm fucking hate your fucking guts. You're such a pig.

Oh, thank you! Oh why, again? Oh, thanks. You're not going to punch me yet. No, why? Why? I can't. I'd be sued.

I don't understand what exactly was wrong with that Vanity Fair thing. Go get the guy from the upstairs, the promoter guy to

get rid of Nardwaar. Go get him, Kristen, do it quick because I am going to beat the fuck out of him really soon!

Courtney, can you say it into the mic a bit more? No, I am not going to say anything into the mic.

Courtney, can I get an interview with you? No, I hate your guts, Nardwaar. You're such an idiot. Why would I give you an interview? You're an idiot. Why would I give you a fucking interview? Get what?

Courtney Love of Hole. Courtney (to promoter): You've already broken your promise to me. Promoter: I know. **Nardwaar:** Courtney: This is a bad sign.

Courtney, can you at least, will you at least... Can you at least sign — You're the first person I've seen. I was like the whole way up here, "Nardwaar! Nardwaar! I can't wait to see that little—" Promoter: Do you have official permission to for this? Courtney: Do you have a laminate? Promoter: Yeah, do you have a laminate?

I've got a laminate. Promoter: Where is it?

Somewhere in my wallet. Promoter: Well—

Will you allow me one final request, Courtney, like the phone call you get when you get arrested?

(The interview continues on for another 25 minutes and ends on a high note after I offer to buy Courtney the cigarettes she wants.)

Tuesday January 4, 1994. Nirvana's playing the PNE Forum. I don't have a ticket, but decide to "mope" outside the venue. Out of the blue, Courtney arrives at the gig, gives me a LAMINATE, ahem, LAMINATE, and drags my sorry ass backstage. I've been forever grateful.

Here's a snippet of our 25 minute conversation:

Kurt, did you first meet Courtney Love, I heard a rumour; I think I read it in Interview Magazine,

that Kurt and Courtney first met — (Kurt coughs. A lot.) Courtney: Stop. That's rude.

Did you first meet at a DOA gig in Portland, Oregon? Kurt: Mm-hmm. Yup. Courtney: (Laughs. A lot.)

So there really is a Canadian connection then. Kurt: Wasn't it NoMeansNo? It was our show! Courtney: DOA! Kurt: It was our show. It was my show. I played with DOA a couple times. I don't remember where.

So there is a Canadian connection. A Canadian band has something to do with Kurt and Courtney! Kurt: Like yes. Honestly I don't remember which show it was. Courtney: I don't remember, I was too drunk. Kurt: Me, too.

Hole returns to Vancouver's Commodore Ballroom on Tuesday, November 15, 1994.

Security is ultra-tight. Somehow, mostly due to the efforts of John M from Geezuz Fanzine and Leora K from CBC's Realtime, I weasel my way through the bouncers to Courtney:

First off, did you — Which one am I (pointing to Grateful Dead record)? Well guess, Nardwaar! Patti, Eric, get [Spin writer] Craig Marks! This is me on the back cover of Aoxomoxoa. Guess which one I am. Come on, everyone, guess which I am. I'm the one that doesn't like the Grateful Dead. There! (pointing) It's me! Where's my father? (pointing) See my father. No, right back there. There he is. Gross fat daddy.

Did he live on Bowen Island? Yeah. There's gross fat daddy. Where's my mother? Let's find my mom. Come on everyone, let's find my mom. Where's Linda? Where's my mom? Can anyone else find my mom? I know where she is. She's right by Bob Weir.

Did you just smoke a cigar with Danny DeVito? Yeah, this other night. I'm doing this movie that he's producing with Keanu Reeves. Mom! Mom, Dad, Courtney.

How did this rumour start that you're on the back of a Grateful Dead record? I told people. It's the truth.

Are you in the upcoming Quentin Tarantino film at all? No, I was asked to try out, but I had more important things to do so I didn't.

You did give that baseball cap to Michael Stipe and I love it, that punk rock one? Mmm, yeah. I smoked a cigar with Danny DeVito and so did Patti. I'm doing this Keanu Reeves fuck movie. I fuck Keanu Reeves and I die, which America wants me to die and get fucked because that's all they talk about: is me dying and who I'm fucking. So I figure that if Americans can fulfill their fantasy through like a big heartthrob like Keanu, they can fulfill their fantasy of me dying, which I don't in particular want me to do right now. Look! It's Melissa the Canadian! (Melissa Auf De Maur walks in.)

Melissa Auf De Maur! The Doughboys' song "Shine" was written about you! Melissa: Hal Courtney: See, that's because she's a scenter like me and Patti. We all have songs written about us.

Courtney, what's this thing Steve Hawkan wrote about you standing in front of clubs greeting fans after shows? Steve Hawkan hates me. He'll write anything mean... It got to the point where I would be in malls with people asking for autographs and like there would be weird Carth Brooks people that didn't know who I was and I would be like, "Do you know the name of my band?" 'cause they had watched a Current Affair or People Magazine and I would say, "Well, name a fucking song and then I'll sign an autograph." And they couldn't. But if you're at a show, then you obviously know the name of a song.

So Better Homes and Gardens, Spin Magazine — what's the difference? Did you read the Hole thing? It's about mothers crying. I know a lot of boys who became rock stars. Their moms were all abusive. It's four boys I know that became really big rock stars and all their moms were really abusive and after they became rock stars, it's like the abuse never existed. And they all got real Oedipal on their sons.

It's great to have you back in Canada, Courtney Love. I'm a great Canadian supporter, Nardwaar.

And you've got Melissa Auf De Maur. She's paying Canadian taxes with



our money. How's cub? Are they still around?

Yes, cub are still happening. Patti: You are in this month's *Flipside*, aren't you?

Yes, I am, wearing this exact same outfit, believe it or not. Hey, did you see my review in *Melody Maker* of you?

Yeah, I did. Thank you very much, Courtney Love. That was very nice of you. Talk about pay-back. Single of the Week #41. That's pretty exciting — Yeah, I went to Rome the next day and Kurt OD'd, so that's kind of marred the whole Single of the Week thing.

That must have been a let-down. What about that last thing, though. The Velocity Girl / Elektra deal and the Reverend Horton Heat / Interscope deal? I don't understand those ones. People are tawling. They're desperate. That's 'cause of Denny Cordberg, who's like in our will as the minder of our child, he's an insanely great guy but he's also the most powerful man in the world. He's the CEO of Time-Warner which means that our manager, Janet Billig, is now the youngest — at 25 — Senior Vice-President of Atlantic Records CEO. So we had to go to this management called Q-Prime which Varuca Salt are with and they manage Metallica and Def Leppard. So there's a bit of a gender and old school lip.

And speaking of flip and Flipside and Bob Cantu, his good friend Joy Aoki, she said that once you were on an airplane in South America — by the way, you played the tune "Rio" tonight — Eric: No, we didn't! We did "Hungry Like the Wolf." You have your Duran Duran wrong! Courtney to Eric: It doesn't work when you talk back to him (Nardwuar) in his language. You have to be yourself. I figured Nardwuar out a long time ago. Courtney to Nardwuar: So go on.

You played the song "Hungry Like the Wolf." Now, did you not once fly to Brazil and did not the airplane crash and you attacked the pilot almost. No. Me and Patti were leaving London out of Heathrow and the plane crashed and we got really pissed off. We were first class, by the way. It was a 767 all the way across the Atlantic straight to Seattle and they flew the same one the next day. I went

Concorde. I made Patti fly go on the 767. It was fucking United International.

Courtney, who is Melissa Townsend? Eric: A psychic from New York. Courtney: Oh, yes, she's a really good psychic.

She's your psychic and Madonna's psychic as well? Yeah, she did our charts together because Madonna hates me but now she's trying to make up with me. So whatever. She's like saying things in the press like if she didn't exist, then Courtney wouldn't exist, 'cause she wants me to respond, but I'm not going to.

Great! One last thing... (grabbing Nardwuar) I want to blow you! **Thank you, Courtney Love.** Nardwuar, why do you make yourself so sexless. Come on, MAN!

I've got my hair shorter now. Can we — It's the woman in me. It's the killer in you.

And Melissa Auf Der Maur binding with Billy Corgan. Me and Melissa have both bonded with Billy — **Over the Piscean birthingates.** Yes... and Kurt and Billy, both have the same birthday. Eric: What about Jello?

Jello Biafra? Eric: Yeah, I heard you two have a thing going! (Nardwuar showing Eric and Courtney an ET toy)

They've reissued those recently. Yeah, well under Eric's house is a vintage store and they just did a huge ET thing in the window like ET lunchboxes and everything — Eric and Drew (Barrimore) saw it and she thought it was really funny.

But she's not here tonight, is she? No, she doesn't follow Eric around like a dog except sometimes. Eric: No but I'm going to tell her all about you. Courtney: Eric wears the pants in this relationship — and I'm really happy because I was kind of worried because she's a starlet girl! — is she going to dump you and break your heart? And Eric was like, "No man, I wear the fuckin' pants."

The last tune you did tonight could have had a Mecca Normal vibe. It was a leadbelly song, Nardwuar. **But it kind of had a Mecca Normal vibe... did you ever see Mecca Normal?** If you say "Mecca Normal" around me again, I will kick you in the nuts.

Okay, I will never say that again. By the way, we are missing Lois the most tonight.

Where are the Olympia Five? Who are the Olympia Five? **Let's see. Candace, Calvin,....** Lois, Pat Mayle, who's the fifth?

But Candace is so friendly. But this was what I was wondering. Have you seen this at all, Courtney Love. What is this? (pointing to Mad Love, a collection of Courtney's Internet postings) It's like your Internet communications. Yes, Hey, Birkenstock, how are you? I'm all right. All right! Do you have one?

No I don't. I'm not totally into it. I'm still into pen and paper. This is kind of fun and stuff but what is really weird is how they fucking give such a shit about how I'm spelling. It's like what, I work to be a clerical worker? I didn't take typing class, asshole.

But the Olympia Five, like Candace is so friendly though. No, Candace is not friendly. Candace is the one — do you know the Internet posting that's like Sneaky Pete that's got all this crazy shit. It's like got I'm chasing all these rock stars guys around, but when it's convenient, I'm in bed with them. And it's really evil and it's really chronologically crazy and then at the end Mark Arm OD'd in me and Kurt's hotel room and someone from the Supersuckers was like — and I got it from a really good source I heard it was Candace and I heard it was Candace who did the really evil fax because Denny said something at Kurt's funeral that was really beautiful and a couple of people crashed that.

Slim Moon. And Mary Lou Lord and Candace. Oh, I beat the shit out of Mary Lou Lord the other night in front of Denny DeVito. It was really insane. She came up to me. Denny DeVito had just left and she came up to me and says, "Hi."

How did she get backstage? I fucking don't know. There were like only 20 people left. All the stars were gone and whatever. And I got up and I was like in the 1200 dollar dress and I'm barefoot and I started chasing her and these Samoan guys tried to stop me and I chased her and chased her all the way behind Gower Golds. I think she was hiding in a dumpster. Patti: You cleaned her clock first! Courtney: I fucking clocked her out, but I didn't clock her out enough because I wanted to kill her, right? But instead I look behind me and there were like 100 kids —

But you were "pretty on the inside" and you stayed at "four star hotels." Didn't she say that? I know, but that's my park. She has a restraining order. She's had a restraining order — Kurt put a restraining order on her two years ago. She's crazy.

Is that park called Vengeance Park, that park right next door to you house? Vengeance Park or something like that. I know cause when we moved in, I said, "Kurt, that's a park. People can come there."

It's like a public place. Yeah and he goes, "No one knows about that park." Which is a kind of a pain. And the

Starbucks people live next door and they have a suit against the city now and they're trying take our land. We live in the house that Mr. Blaine built and we live in Denny Blaine and they're taking our land and Mr. Blaine gave us that land. It's a nightmare.

Have you seen this tribute to Kurt Cobain featuring a "Courtney Carries On" story. It's kind of scary but I don't know you actually wrote this thing, this story on you. It's this magazine (showing it to Courtney). There's like no authorship credit. All there is is a barcode. Why are these people not being punished for what they're doing? There is no information, they've got a barcode but they've got a story on you and they sell it at the 7-11. There's a barcode on this? It's probably Rip. Rip can do this.

But how can they do it without giving authorship credit or anything? They just do. I've gone to court... You see, one good thing about publishing is that they know I will put my money where my mouth is because I've spent, and Kurt has spent, so much money on suing them, and a lot of times, especially in Britain and with tabloid journalism here, they think you're not going to spend the money to sue them. But once you lay down about a hundred grand on litigation, they start getting a little bit more careful.

And finally, Courtney, what is going on here? I still don't understand this. (showing National Enquirer with Evan Dando and Courtney kissing) Ev and me kissing? It's the only time I've bought the *National Enquirer*. What's so wrong with me and Kurt kissing? Big fucking deal. Hey, you want a

kiss? Here. (kisses Nardwuar) Alright. *Enquirer* (kisses others too) Voice in background: What about me! Courtney: I don't know you. And you've got a mustache. Me and Evan kissing, ha ha. I think it's funny.

There were other articles in the Enquirer — They were right with Kurt's ashes because I took them up to Ithaca to the Buddhist monastery so I had them in a teddy bear, which you would do, too.

Do you remember the guy taking the photo? No, it was a girl. It was Todd, the guy in the Juliana Hatfield. Three who got kicked out for being a junkie. It was his little girl-friend who Evan actually was fucking. And they thought it would be a really funny idea to make out on film.

Do you remember the last time you were here with the Lemonheads at the Commodore Ballroom? Yeah, it was the most horrible show.

You smashed your guitar. And what did you say to the audience? I said, "You guys don't know that it's cool to like us yet, so we will come back when you do."

"And you will be lining up when you come to see us next." And it happened here tonight. Thank you so much Courtney Love. Thank you, Nardwuar the Human Serviette Turtle.

Doot doot doo doo... Radio free fucking Europe. Patti: Doo doo! This happened last time!



Pluto's trademark sound is an alluring bath of pop; "attitude pop" as singer Ian puts it. To know the band is to first hear their smooth, stylish pop gem, "Pretty Little Jacket," released as a 7" on Poppin'. "Million and One," the b-side to their second record, *Deathstar*, was lovely, but it might have been mistaken for rock trying to pass as pop. Pluto, however, don't merely fill out their sound by spraying it with feedback just before the chorus; they manage to blend the divide between rock terrorism and pop purity by fuzzing the distinctions in between. Listen to the way "Thirsty" and "It's Over," both off the new album, slosh from one side of your head to the other. A progression from the band's previous two seven inch releases, *Cool Way To Feel* manages the trick of being dramatic without being self-consciously obtrusive or camp.

I spoke with Pluto after one of the band's rehearsal at their space in the rather drafty Vancouver Studios. The members were weary, yet spirited, after this session, and we piled into a cramped studio space to discuss the band's origins, adventures on the road, their new Mint full-length, and that integral part of the band's success - style.

Every rock 'n' roll outfit worth their salt have a juicy tale of how they formed; Pluto have two. The one that I got suckered into believing had it that the band met through a classified ad that simply stated: "I like pop." This version is, as Ian gladly tells me, "totally false. That's something we always told our interviews, but that's total bullshit."

The ruse revealed, Justin offers the "true" story of the birth of Pluto: "John and I went into a bar and ordered a drink, I think it was the Starfish Room. John was seeing this girl at the time; Ian was there with Rolf, who started hitting on the girl, and of course John was a bit drunk. We didn't know each other at all. Rolf and John started fighting together, Ian and I jumped in, and then we realized..."

"...that we could be one big one big happy family," finishes Rolf.

"And all the songs are about that one girl," Justin jests. "Her name's Gretta. No, her name's Beatrice. And that's the truth." Yucksters indeed.

An underlying sense of humour is one of the things that

After a short year and a half together, Pluto are one of the hardest working groups to emerge from these parts. Consisting of Ian Jones (guitar and vocals), John Ounpuu (bass and vocals), Rolf Hetherington (lead guitar) and Justin Leigh (drums), the four musicians have quickly established themselves as a permanent fixture on the Vancouver pop scene. Soon after the release of their first independent record, the swirling *Pretty Little Jacket 7"*, Pluto were swiftly scooped up by candy-sweet indie mecca Mint records, home of rub and The Smugglers. Pluto have since released another 7" record on Mint, *Deathstar*, their *Failure 7"* on Ottawa's Shake Records, and their baby-fresh full length CD on Mint, *Cool Way To Feel*.



has kept Pluto together after many long road trips in close quarters. There is no doubt that Pluto is a travelling band, having toured to the Maritimes and back, and having reached as far South as San Diego supporting well known acts such as Weezer, Girls Against Boys, Tsunami, and Eric's Trip. "Vancouver is Pluto HQ," states Justin, proudly, "but we're never in town for more than two months at a time, ever. When we are, we're writing new songs, recording or practising to play a show, and then we're out of town for a month."

Any band that has travelled repeatedly has certainly experienced a different side of life, one which gives rise to a number of unique experiences. When asked to choose their favourite road stories, Ian speaks first: "Well, we show up in Olympia, and we phone the radio station - we had an interview. We were supposed to play live on KAOS. We get there, and the guy is like, 'Yeah, I really like your new CD,' and we're like, 'No, we don't have a CD out, we just have two 7's out,' and he's like, 'Oh, isn't this you guys', and we said, 'No, that's the jazz band Pluto. So we played on a jazz show.'"

"An experimental jazz

show," adds Justin, "and he was expecting this experimental jazz band from the (S.F.) Bay area to show up, and we showed up [instead]. We played anyways and we just fuckin' rocked. He had scheduled us to play, so we played, but it wasn't the band they were expecting."

Another memorable experience the band members cite as one of their wackiest was their performance at the Purple Onion, an underground club in San Francisco, hosted by the "clinically insane promoter", Tom Guido. "He is fuckin' seriously gone, nuts," declares Justin. "If him and Nardwuar ever got together and do a show, it would be a fucking zoo."

Adds Ian, "Legend has it that he inherited the club; we don't really know."

"It hasn't been open for twenty years and he just opened it," Rolf continues, "it looks the same [as in the 70s], like, exactly the same."

"We're not knocking him at all," insists Justin. "When we say he's insane, it's because...he is (laughs). He jumps on stage during your performance, mid-song. He'll stop a band if he doesn't like them. We were on a three-band bill, and this SF band,

Trackstar, they're pretty cool, they were good, but I don't think he was digging what they were doing. Either that or he just decided to get on stage a lot while they were playing."

"He was telling jokes," explains Ian.

"Yeah," adds Rolf, "if you have to stop and tune or change a string, he'll jump onstage and tell jokes to the audience that don't make any sense."

Justin continues, "He makes fun of the bands while you're onstage, but it's fun. It's a fun club. It's small. The Smothers Brothers recorded a live album there - Phyllis Diller used to perform there. If you're in San Francisco, check it out."

And he IS nuts," affirms Ian.

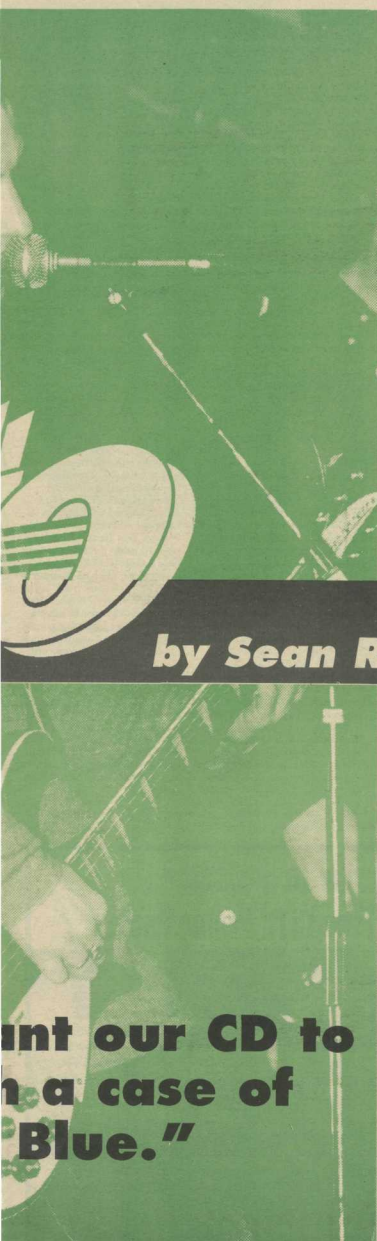
Spontaneity and a sense of humour have brought Pluto in touch with more than just crazy Americans; it has also netted the band a one-time deal with Shake Records. "When we were in Montreal," recounts Ian, "we had this gig lined up at this shitty bar when we noticed that Stand GT and Punchbuggy were playing the same night at another venue. We weaseled our way on to

the bill and then went back to the first club, where we were set up on stage, ready to play in about forty minutes. Then we loaded our stuff into the van and drove to the other show - Stand GT and Punchbuggy were awesome."

"Ian Walker, one of the co-owners of Shake Records, was there and was really impressed," Justin says. "It was a good show, a scene crowd. The girls from Bite were there, I think Nerdy Girl was there. We just played, and they liked us. He (Ian) was interested in us, basically a fan, and we talked to him on the phone when we got back to Vancouver. He said, 'I'd like to do a 7" for you guys.' We had some stuff we wanted to put out, so we just gave it to him."

After getting scooped up by Mint, "the coolest indie label in Canada" and one that allows the band to do one-offs like the Shake deal, life as a rock 'n' roller seems pretty breezy for the members of Pluto. Promotion through live shows and





regular record releases is standard operating procedure for bands wishing to establish a key position in their universe. Currently, there are two annual outlets for young bands in Vancouver. One, focused exclusively on exposing brand new local music acts, is CiTR's annual Shindig competition; the other, a corporately run and financed major-label star search, is Music West. Pluto declined to perform in either event.

"Shindig is like this," Justin begins. "Shindig is for bands to get shows and to hopefully win recording time so they can put something out. If you're a band that's already getting shows, getting booked into clubs around town, and you have the ability to record, you have no right in Shindig, as far as I'm concerned. It's a competition for young bands. It's an opportunity to play, that's the best thing about Shindig. You get in there, and you're guaranteed one show. If you win, you get three shows, and you're gonna get some press. By the time Shindig came around, we had already been getting press, we had already

audience. It's pretty funny."

Music West, unlike Shindig, is a festival which has no time for "indie cred". Festival organizers make no secret that the event operates to a large degree in the hope of uncovering the "next big thing", an act that will bring in the bucks, and fast. Many of these commercially-minded performers neglect to build an audience on their own, independent of a major label's financial clout, and, in the minds of many in the indie-rock community, groups such Pure and Moist are simply unable to resist the corporate carrot dangled in front of their snouts, quickly trading their integrity for a major label contract. Pluto acknowledges that the decision to participate or not to participate in a corporate convention like Music West must be considered carefully.

"Music West is for bands that want to get signed, and we're on a label that we're happy with," Justin opines. "Mint Records could do more for Pluto than Pluto wants done for it than any Canadian major label could. It's a different scene, that's basically it. Music West is totally different from what we're about. It's not that we're too good for Music West, it's more like, would you guys sign up for the Dragon

Boat races? We wouldn't, because it's not our thing. We're a rock band. We don't want to be a band a major label makes. We'd like to build up our audience and then get it large enough on our own as an independent band. [Then we might] warrant being on a major label. We don't want to come out of nowhere being a band that doesn't have its own following, and then have the major label power everyone in the head with a repetitive video played on Much Music. So, would you play Music West - no, we're not interested. We don't want our CD to be sold with a case of Labatt's Blue."

If the optimism Mint and Shake records have invested in Pluto is any indication of what's to come, and considering the band's commitment to recording and playing live, there's no denying that higher powers could blast Pluto off into higher orbit in the future. What does the band expect of *Cool Way To Feel*? "I don't think we're gonna be the next Moist with this album," says Justin, "which is a blessing. If people like it, they'll buy it, and whatever radio station likes it will play it, but you never know. As far as Vancouver is concerned, we'll sell a certain amount because we've played so much here. I think we'll do

OK in Canada; I think we've got enough play from our 7's in college radio across Canada that we can expect to sell a respectable number of CDs for a band that's on an independent label. As far as the States is concerned, what we sell is going to depend on how often we go down there and play, which should be quite often because we're just going to go up and down the coast from now on."

Ian has a slightly more far out prediction. "Basically, our goal is to storm into England and fucking conquer it. And then we're going to become huge."

"By way of Spain," adds Rolf.

"We're going to be on the cover of Q - we'll be wearing Bryll Cream."

To fulfill the latter of these prophecies is going to take a style commitment from the band. Is Pluto up to the challenge? Justin thinks that at least one of their crew is. "John is without a doubt, the snappiest dresser in Pluto. John takes every single fucking tip in his wardrobe straight from photos of George Harrison in the early 70s."

"I aspire to a composite combination of all the Beatles, John explains, "both stylistically and musically. Ringo, for his down-to-earth, humble qualities, to keep myself humble and goofy. Paul for his bass playing. John for his singing and songwriting, and George for his style. George Harrison had style. Rent the movie *Help*, and you'll see what I mean. In fact, I think I'm gonna rent that today."

"Fashion before function, always," jokes Justin.

"But more important than fashion is style," Ian adds. "Style is important to Pluto."

Justin continues, "The one single connecting style in this band, except for Ian, is that we all wear Bryll cream. Bryll cream is important to Pluto's sound. Of course we're not greasers, but we use a very modest amount of Bryll cream. We find it's more manageable in the hair; it doesn't crust up and dry and flake, and you can wear it for a long time without washing your hair, which is important on the road. It comes in a nice tube - it doubles as toothpaste on the road. We are a road band, after all."

by Sean Raggett

been gettin' shows and we'd already had releases, so we didn't need to be in Shindig. It wasn't like we said, 'Fuck Shindig, we don't want to be in it.' What we would get out of Shindig is nothing that we didn't already have."

"Yeah," says Ian, "I hear tapes of bands that no one's ever heard of, and some of them are good, but a lot of bands can't record. And we already can."

Incidentally, to all those who disagreed with the outcome of the Shindig finals in December, Justin has this to say: "I do like Meow, I think they fucking rule. I can honestly say - and be comfortable with the fact - that I've seen Meow a few times, and as far as local bands go, I think they're fuckin' cool. They're a bunch of bitches, man. They're hilarious on stage, they're cool. I like the way they shit on their audience. They get up there and they're wearing these ridiculous outfits, and you'd think people would be laughing at them, and [instead] they get on stage and laugh at the

Pluto play with Queazy, Cinnamon and Gob
Saturday, Feb. 25th at Crosstown Traffic. Their
album *Cool Way To Feel* is out now on Mint Records.



DISCOGRAPHY

- 1993 "Pretty Little Jacket" (Independent - 7")
- 1994 "Deathstar" (Mint Records - 7")
- 1995 "Failure" (Shake Records - 7")
- 1995 "Cool Way To Feel" (Mint Records - CD)
- 1995 upcoming video for "Thirsty" on CWTF

I have limited space and much malnourishing to accomplish so beating around the bush, or anything else for that matter, is out. If you hate the Oscars™, known to those who have enough cash and clout in Hollywood to care as the Academy Awards™, fuck off! Everyone has the right to bitch, whine, moan and complain about the way these gold-plated statuettes are handed out - more often than necessary to mediocre talent who would be better to serve humanity in some way that didn't cost humanity eight bucks a throw - but to just off-handedly dismiss the proceedings is ignorant. Their relationship to the American film industry is analogous to the relationship between an old-style school inspector and a pupil: They only see each other about once a year; if the kid's lucky, he'll get off without a strap; and if he's really lucky, he'll be commended for his excellent work. At worst he'll be embarrassed in front of his peers and probably be emotionally scarred for life. In any case, for the 80% of the population who like watch-

ing movies, this sissy, long-winded, entertainingly-challenged spectacle of Hollywood self-aggrandizement matters. And besides, it's a great opportunity to see how really stupid most stars are without the safety-net of repeated takes.

This year's contest has been sized up by the Province newspaper's esteemed movie critic, Michael Walsh (a man who prides himself in reaching the paper's lowest-common-denominator readership at their level), as a heavy-weight bout between boomers and X-ers. For those of you not familiar with the generalized and almost always incorrectly sweeping terminology of hack periodicals, Boomers are the greedy, have-all, over-populated generation that were born between 1945 and 1955 and who call "Woodstock," "yuppie-lifestyles" and "granola crunching" their own. In their corner is 1994's box-office juggernaut, *Forrest Gump*, the epic saga of an idiot, X-er, who's those jaded, cynical, unemployed, morally-deprived, over-grown kids born from 1956-

1966 who love trash culture and computers. Their champion is this year's critics' darling, *Pulp Fiction*. The other, and in the minds of Mr. Walsh and Las Vegas bookies insignificant, films nominated for the big prize (the one given out last and taken home by the kind soul who smokes up the dough), are the fluffy, if enjoyable, British film *Four Weddings and a Funeral*; the annual statement by "Liberal Hollywood", this year called *Quiz Show*; and the uplifting, triumph-of-the-spirit prison picture, *The Shawshank Redemption*.

Best Picture will no doubt go to either *Forrest Gump* or *Pulp Fiction*, with all smart bets on the man with little brain, but I refuse to see this as either a victory of the sensibilities of an older generation over a younger one or a matter of box-office might makes right. Before all the hoopla about *Gump* - is it a Republican redemption piece? a Democrat's coming-of-age reminiscence? a plot to kill Kennedy? a plot to justify my cat's existence? - I saw the film and liked it. It was sweet. It

was funny. I laughed. I cried. Does it deserve to win? Did that slight-of-hand trick *The Last Emperor* deserve to win? Did a little piece of Americana like *Driving Miss Daisy*? How about the decade's most over-praised mud of shit, *Platoon*? A film that takes in \$300,000,000 is undoubtedly loved by all; why wouldn't it be as well loved by academy members? My personal choice is, of course, *Pulp Fiction*, but I can hardly expect an institution whose membership has an average age of 65 and an average personal net worth of a million dollars to choose as Best Picture a film that I can't recommend to my own mother. I'm shocked it got nominated.

In a perfect world, *Pulp Fiction*'s loss of the Best Picture statuette would be more than made up for by a nod to wunderkind Quentin Tarantino as Best Director, in a perfect world, I'd be getting paid for this piece. The odds are against both *Gump* and me. Best Director has gone to the helmsman of a film that didn't win Best Picture only 17 times in the 68 years that the Academy Awards™ have been handed out. That also practically nullifies the chances of Woody Allen (in his seventh directorial nomination) for *Bullets Over Broadway* and Krzysztof Kieslowski for *Red* (though this is his first nomination, the esteemed Polish auteur has declared that *Red* will be his final film) and Robert Redford (who already has a statuette at home for his directorial debut with *Ordinary People*) for *Quiz Show*. I'm indifferent to the fate of all the contestants except Tarantino (and Woody, but since he's disinterested in it himself and will no doubt be tooting his batshit stick at Michael's pub in NY on awards night...), so if Zemeckis wins for *Gump*, his latest in a line of special-effects wonders, I won't kill myself. The former video-store clerk with the heart of gold (well, *Midas Touch*) is a favourite for original screenplay. His only serious opponent is Woody, and since not only does the schmuck never show up to the awards but he's also had some unflattering press in the last few years that the

academy won't likely forget so soon despite their normally incredibly short memories, it looks to belong to Tarantino.

The one award neither *Forrest Gump* nor *Pulp Fiction* is up for is Best Actress. It's also the one award that, year after year, is a pathetic joke of itself and the calling of female film actor. The excuse normally given for the fact that all the names in this category have appeared on previous lists of nominees is that a male-dominated Hollywood provides a dearth of good leading roles for women and that the few offered each year go to the actresses who have enough pull to snag them. This year, I refuse to subscribe to this exercise in passive aggressiveness. This year's nominees are all fine actresses. So fine that they already have 14 nominations, and three wins, between them. Jodie Foster is bound to win, since she's one like to break a streak and she's two for her last two (two for her last two). Her turn as a "wild woman" in *Nell* brought this response from CTR in-house critic Kevin O'Toole: "It was the most clichéd performance of 1994." About Susan Sarandon's nod for *The Client*, her fourth nomination (no wins) and her third in four years, Kevin opines, "She does not warrant a nomination for this film. No way." Winona Ryder is an engaging ingenue but hardly a great actress. I enjoy her work and would definitely place her on a tier above Julia Roberts, but if my life were in the hands of her emotive ability, I don't think I'd be long for this world. She does, however, already have a supporting actress nomination, for last year's *Age of Innocence*, so you can expect her name to appear on the roles in future years. Jessica Lange's nomination is her sixth (one win) and is for a film, *Blue Sky*, that was made three years ago. She was so compelling in it that it lasted about five minutes in theatres. Miranda Richardson was last nominated in 1992 for *Damage* and is here given noted for her work in the as yet unseen bio-pic of T.S. Eliot, *Tom and Viv*. I'm sure her work is wonderful but I can't really comment since, unlike the actors branch of the Academy, I

wasn't sent a video copy of the film "For My Consideration".

There is a glaring omission in this list of Hollywood's leading female lights. Throughout her career, whether in momentous projects or more pedestrian fare, Jennifer Jason Leigh has distinguished herself as an actor who can and does. Always convincing and never obvious, Leigh has been ignored by the Academy before, most flagrantly for *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. This year her exclusion from the Best Actress race is not just insulting, it is a travesty of truth, justice and the American way. Her sublime effort in the title role of *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle* made an interesting look at a time and sensibility long gone - New York's literary of the 1920's - come alive. *Mrs. Parker* is the only artist biography I have ever seen that both painted a psychological portrait of the subject without trying to explain or excuse and integrated the artist's work into the narrative with a minimum of obtrusiveness. Jennifer Jason Leigh carried the film and should have been nominated.

I have nothing to say about Best Actor; it goes every year to a man who either portrays a person who overcomes incredible mental or physical deficiencies to succeed (Dustin Hoffman in *Rain Man*, Daniel Day-Lewis in *My Left Foot*, Al Pacino in *Scent of a Woman*, Tom Hanks in *Philadelphia*, to name a few) or a complete asshole (F. Murray Abraham in *Amadeus*, Michael Douglas in *Wall Street*, Jeremy Irons in *Reversal of Fortune*). Look how long it took Paul Newman to win playing great roles involving normal guys. The only nomination that fits the requisite Academy criteria is Tom Hanks. Repeats are rare, but Academy innovation is rare.

March 27th I will be drunk and glued to the set, yelling obscenities at all transgressions of my will. So what if the Academy can't hear me? They're all a bunch of brainless old farts. They sure know how to congratulate themselves, though.

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his friends, and eventually he was making six thousand skateboards a day, attending skate conventions, etc., until finally one day he just said,

kind of far-fetched." Enough said. "Maybe what we'll see now, unfortunately, is because of this rapid upswing of the music that

to be in popular bands."

The final word on the matter comes from neither Jay nor myself, but from punk veteran Greg

Bad religion

BY MEGAN BOT

"Fuck! I just wanna skate, man. I let someone else do the work."

Even though I was totally impressed by what I was being told, I still had my foolish concerns about Bad Religion's jump to a major label. However, Jay soon made me feel like a jerk for ever doubting the band. "To have that concern about a band that's this old and has set its own standards is

we're playing in this punk rock world that we've been living in pretty sheltered for the last fifteen years, maybe we're going to see a lot more upstart bands that just sound like Green Day. Offspring. Bad Religion, and NOFX that are coming out of nowhere. Because that's generally what happens when a music gets popular; people join bands because they want

Hetson himself. He suggests that perhaps people should spend less time wearing this punk issue thin and just have fun. "Mr. Hetson," I ask. "This self-gratification of punk rock - what do you think about it?"

"Self-gratification of punk rock? I'm just really pissed because the guy who cut my hockey stick down did a very bad job."

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yeah, we
had our own
label for fifteen
years and it was
work, work, work. We

did everything ourselves because no one could offer us a better world than the world we were living in, and that's what we always said. What's the reason to go to give us less than what we have right now? Which is now not the case. We have everything that we had before [now that we're] on Atlantic and Warner. We walked in and said, 'Here's what we do and here's the contract and here's how many records we sell. Match all of this - fine.' We don't have to do the every day 9 to 5 minutiae. We don't have to worry about whether or not there's a speck on the 8x10, whether the ad matte is pictorialized absolute. It's like, fuck that, you know, we just want to write music and be in a band again, not worry about all the workload.

"Having your own label is great and I would highly suggest that if you're going to start a band [that you] do it yourself, because you learn so much about what you're doing and why you're doing it. And also, when you go to the next step up, which is maybe on to another label, you know what they're saying to you. If they're saying, 'Well, we're going to do 30% recoupable and, obviously, we have 75% packaging costs,' you say, 'Fuck that. We don't need that.' That's punk rock to me. It's being intelligent and well informed, and using that to your advantage. Being independent, yet allowing people to help you."

Another way Jay explained what the band has gone through over the years was with a skateboarding analogy. Say there was a guy who loved skateboarding and he made his own boards. Then he started making them for

newfound,
overwhelmingly

popular style of the not-so-underground? Would they all have dollar signs in their eyes when I met them? Whatever happened to their anti-rock star stance, and the idea of remaining true to the power of punk rock? I needed answers - and I needed them straight.

By the time Bad Religion got to Vancouver, the band had completed a seven week tour in Europe and was wrapping up a six week North American tour. I met the group (including ex-Minor Threat guitarist Brian Baker, who is permanently replacing Bad Religion co-founder Brett Gurewitz) before their all-ages show at the Commodore, and after the introductions, I settled down with bassist Jay Bentley to start my interrogation. Not wanting to heat around the bush, I got right to the point with my first question: Is punk dead, or what?

"Not necessarily," Jay replied, "because I think punk is something that's inside, not outside. I think that's where it got a little fuzzy - when somebody wrote up the Ten Commandments of punk rock. Punk rock was supposed to be about no rules, make up your own rules. The unfortunate by-product of being around for fifteen years is that more people hear about you and just because of that fact alone, people stop liking you - because you've become more popular than the underground can tolerate. 'Okay, but what about this label thing? Do-it-yourself is just so punk.' What people have

The same day that I heard that Bad Religion was coming to town, I started searching for a way to interview them. I figured it was an opportunity to not only meet my mentors, but also to have my many furtive questions answered.

Let it be known that I have a colossal amount of respect for Bad Religion, as do thousands of other fans who appreciate the band's wicked, insightful lyrics, and who applaud the amazing efforts of the bandmembers. Staying together for fifteen years and putting out eight full-length albums is an amazing accomplishment in itself, but Bad Religion has also managed to keep its hardcore edge and punk integrity intact. Considering that virtually every other band from the early eighties SoCal punk rock scene has since dissolved, changed, or sold-out (read Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Agent Orange, T.S.O.L.), I'm obviously very fond of the band and its work.

However, my putting them on the back is the last thing they need right now. Bad Religion has recently left its self-owned and operated label, Epitaph, to sign a major record deal with Atlantic/Warner. As a fan, this change concerned me. Would they abandon their style and loyal followers to comply to a harsh standard set by their new business-minded bosses, who surely want nothing more than to control their artistic freedom and force them to sound like all the other bands of this

cold water flat

This three piece band, tails from Boston, on their new self-titled album, they have crafted 11 songs, most of them about real life situations.

IN STORES MARCH 15

Cold Water Flat are also featured on the "THIS IS PORT APACHE" compilation which includes tracks by Billy Bragg, The Lemonheads, Buffalo Tom, Billy Bragg, Radiohead, Juliana Hatfield & more.

IN STORES NOW

MSA



I think it is really important for everyone reading this column to realize that my listings are not the final judgement on any zine. In fact, I don't even want you to confuse these listings with zine reviews. The truth is that everyone has their own opinion, their own favourite style, and their own needs. That may sound corny, but it is true. For example, last column my friend Marie helped me do some of the reviews because, and I know you must realize this, I don't like every zine that I get. Just because I don't like something doesn't mean it isn't valid. We found that the zines that I didn't like, she loved, and the ones that I went crazy for, she thought were "okay".

As when I started this column, my intention is not to judge people's efforts but to promote communication. In our world today, there is a great need on the part of everyone to know that we aren't alone. Whether the topic of a zine is music reviews, television, abuse, or loneliness, zines are one of the most effective ways I know to communicate with others like you.

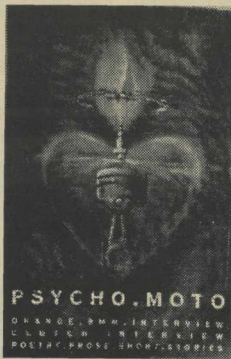
I don't expect to read that I won't say that. Even if the drawings are awful, and the spelling horrendous, there might be something in there that you relate to and I don't plan on spoiling it for you.



"Following inner prompts brings quiet accomplishment"

A Girl
(8.5 X 5.5, 5 pages)
I'm serious, this is an amazing zine I've read Andrea's other zine

Residential Garbage, and although it was a satisfactory read, I think that with *A Girl* she has found her niche. I think that I identify with this zine because it seems like this girl is trying to grasp the same thing I am: being an adult or staying a girl.



We learn so much about what it means to be a man or woman, and those ideas seem so intangible and faraway until one day when we stand on the stage of our high school gymnasium, diploma in hand, we realize that we are supposed to take off the Varsity jacket and take on this new persona. Parents stand expectantly at the sides waiting for us to become what they are. I deny these roles, at least for now, and try to discover what it really means to not be me the child, but to be me the adult. Like any other ensemble, one size does not fit all. This is the struggle. Send trades or stamp to: 624 E. 15th St., N. Vancouver, BC, V7L 2S2.

Body Function
(8.5 X 5.5, 28 pages - colour!)
This zine has a very original and excellent concept. Contains awesome poetry touching on different areas of the body, literally. "Posturing" is a great one. Please don't let the short length of this description stop you from sending for this. I'm only being brief because I can't do this justice. The layout is excellent and includes cut and paste and stolen graphics. The words are even better. Send three dollars for this colourful zine to: 4528 W. 12th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V6R 2R5.

Butterfly #3
(5.5 X 4.25, 68 pages)
From Seattle, Washington, *Butterfly* is a publication for women artists. Included are good short stories, even better personal accounts, and drawings. This is a woman's publication, and I'm sure that women will identify with the topics touched upon, but I encourage men to read this as well and try to get something from it. I think that is what the editors hope will happen. Send US currency to Faythe and Hilary at: 12911 NE 130th St., Kirkland, WA, 98034.

Caffeination Quarterly #2
(8.5 X 5.5, 24 pages)
Coffee zines aren't exactly original. In Vancouver alone, we have *Warm Fuzzy* and this newer zine, *Caffeination Quarterly*. The styles are very different; this one includes actual coffee bar reviews from all over North America and Java poetry, and these things make it unique among other coffee zines. But the thing that I find almost sad about all coffee zines is that when you put aside the happy little coffee cups and rhyming poetry, what you have is a person struggling with an addiction. If someone did a zine about how great it was to shoot heroin it might be a little more obvious, I mean sure, maybe caffeine freaks aren't puking all over themselves and are a little purkier, but the truth is that these people can't function without their daily fix. Am I sounding preachy? I'm not trying to. I'm just trying to bring up something that I don't hear anyone saying. So I like this zine because it makes me think. Two

dollars to: 4024 W. 20th, Vancouver, BC, V6S 1G5.

Do You Keep Your Brain In a Sandwich Baggie? #2
(8.5 X 5.5, 16 pages)
This zine is confusing and sometimes a little too vague in that some pieces start out being good rants and turn into anger fits, complete with racial slurs. The theme seems to be "Normality" and the destruction of that idea. Although the authors would like you to believe that they just want to convince people to be themselves, it seems more like someone needs a little reassurance because they aren't okay with the idea that everyone else is wrong. Write to: #5-1255 E. 15th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V5T 2S7.

From Hell to Breakfast #22
(5.5 X 4.25, 18 pages)
Okay, so I don't usually include comics in this column, but this isn't really a comic book, it is more like a picture book. Each page contains a weird ass drawing of something. The style is very busy, suggestive, and sometimes just chaotic. Send one dollar to: Blair Wilson, PO Box 45654, Seattle, WA, 98145-0654.

Fringe Benefits
(8.5 X 11, 50 pages)
This one was sent to me from London, Ontario. It isn't really a zine, but more like a magazine that focuses on college rock. It contains some interesting articles on suicide, a gig diary, and a few smart pieces by D. Parker. Also, a lot of music reviews and interviews with bands on majors and indie locals. Send two dol-

even mentions Nardwuar the Human Serviette, I am going to freak! Seriously, you don't understand how popular this guy is within the scene. He is King of Indie Rock, blah blah, let's all just get over it and move on, okay? Two pages of this zine are dedicated to Nardwuar, and an-



other page in here to Julie of Eric's Trip. A few music reviews are thrown in to this chatterbox-style zine that also includes a polaroid trick, an article on what to do when your favourite bands sell out, and a really cool drawing of what I think is the Velveteen Rabbit. Send stamps to: 133 Dorset Road, Scarborough, ON, M1M 2T2.

Loggerheads #1
Instead of a review, I have been asked to give the readers of *Discorder* a message from the editors of *Loggerheads*: *Loggerheads*, a poetry zine from Edmonton, is looking for some exciting coastal poets to send in submissions for their upcoming issue. They say the weather there is just too cold for anyone to write poetry, so why don't you send some their way? Send your poem with a S.A.S.E. to:



lars to: PO Box 1439, Station B, London, ON, N6A 5M2.

Justy #1
(8.5 X 5.5, 16 pages)
If I receive one more zine that

#206-10732 86 Ave., Edmonton, AB, T6E 2M9.

Motorcycho
(5.5 X 4.25, 12 pages)
This minizine is a local effort concentrating on motorcycles. Included is a biker videophilia, greasy spoon reviews, and reviews of biker songs. It is cool, the pages are all in colour, and that makes it a hit in my books.

Send a dollar to: PO Box 1564, Point Roberts, WA, 98281.

Psycho Moto - East Coast Exchange
(8.5 X 5.5, 44 pages)
The concept of this zine is very interesting: It is a compilation zine that comes out once a year. East Coast Exchange is a non-profit underground organization that caters to the hardcore and hip hop scenes. This issue includes an interview with hardcore heavies Orange 9mm, a bunch of reviews, some interesting poetry, an essay

critiquing Riot Grrl, and some comics. A very good project worth supporting. Send one dollar and fifty cents American to: 45 Avenue B, #25, New York, NY, 10009-7450.

Thrill #14
(5.5 X 4.25, 36 pages)
If you want to know what is hot as far as lo-fi music goes, get a hold of this zine. Princes of the indie rock scene themselves, the writers of this zine know what is available and what it is on. Even the hippest indie rock zines get covered in here. Schmoozing pictures and TV essay contests make this your complete indie rock guide. Send these boys a buck at: 722 11th E., Seattle WA, 98102.



"with renewed energy, accomplish what you can"

Vile
(really just one piece of 11 X 17 paper folded up)
I don't know what to think of this zine. "Weird" about sums it up, but I'm scared that I might actually like this kind of weird. If you like bizarre stuff, send a stamp to: PO Box 41023, Port Coquitlam, BC, V3C 3G1.

Keep the mail coming and thanks for all the zines that I couldn't fit in this issue.

change of heart

king cobb steelie

plus special guest hayden

march 2
 march 3
 march 4
 march 5
 march 6

march 7
 march 8
 march 9
 march 10
 march 11

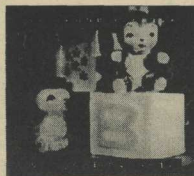
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© **BABE THE BLUE OX**
Starfish Room
Thursday, February 9
 On a crisp Thursday evening, I was pulling all my ear-hairs out, desperately trying to churn out words in an attempt to keep a lined leaf of paper from remaining naked and blank, devoid of the essay that was due the next day. My fingernails were bitten into to the extent that gangrene should be taking over in a few days time, and I was working up a self-inflicted wedgie when my friend called and suggested the best cure for my home-work blues: Babe the Blue Ox and © at the Starfish Room.

I am still without a complete paper to hand in, but do I regret my actions? Hardly. Babe the Blue Ox oiled my Bunyan hatchet that night, and I am left scarred for life. The performance by this single male, deux femmes trio from Brooklyn was by far the best I've seen in this still virginal 1995.

Babe, by far, take the yellow ribbon prize for most unassuming, self-indulgent group ever. When the members traipsed on to the stage to strap on their gear, I thought they were just engineers or the backstage crew setting up equipment. Then they launched into three back-to-back, obliquely lyricized avanté funk songs (beginning with "Ego Pumps," the first tune off their latest CD), and they could not be mistaken for anyone else. The band's head-swaying, pro-

gressive groove music worked about a third of the seventy or so bodies in attendance onto the dance floor, and, by the set's end, everyone in the room had surrendered to its sound. Only two or three mellow songs were performed, the most memorable of which was "Except," a lullaby-ish, lushly-keyed tune crooned by Rose.

Oh yeah, nearly forgot about ©. But then again, it seemed like the majority of the crowd did, too. Sure, this Vancouver quar-

for Luvafair not long after ©'s first two songs and about a quarter more of the crowd took off soon after. I, on the other hand, was kind and considerate enough to sit through four more tunes, but, alas, I too was unimpressed. These guys have been holding out on a new album for a while, so I was expecting more new songs than patented old ones. No such luck.

Paolo "Babe-a-liciousized" S. Xavier

SUBMISSION HOLD
SHOTWELL COHO
M-BLANKET
ENFA/LAC
Crosstown Traffic
Friday, February 3

The first band on this bill, Enfa/lac, was not unlike the children's formula, foreign and bitter to my palate, their overtly political stance passing right through me quicker than you could say, "Gee, they're punk!" However, the band's heroin song was inventive, if nothing else, using a flute, tape samples, and synchronized drum pounding to carry the message that "Yes, kids, drugs are bad."

I had seen Victoria's M-blanket the previous week in Nanaimo and was greatly impressed with the band's early Jawbreaker style pop-core, but this time around they were lacking in energy, mostly due to the crappy sound system and the disruptive antics of a few of the audience members.

Next up was the band from the (San Francisco) Bay with a curious name, taking the floor with a somewhat rough, but energetic batch of songs that had my toes

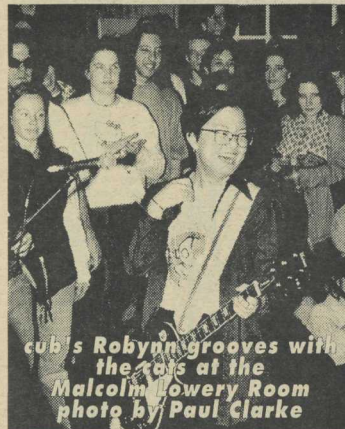


Muscle Bitches make an effort at the Niagara.
Photo by Paul Clarke

tap! played a refined batch of languorous, dreamy music, but after such a cathartic performance by Babe, everyone in the audience was feeling far too energetic to be seduced into a swoon-like trance. The friends I had met up with at the gig left

tapping. Finally, I must apologize to Submission Hold, for I did not stay to see you, mainly to the fact that my night had already been topped off by the "Soul Train" ensemble. Get down!

Bryce Dunn



Cub's Robynn grooves with the cats at the Malcolm Lowery Room
photo by Paul Clarke

CUB
SPARKMARKER
GOB
New York Theatre
Saturday, January 28

The New York Theatre is just grand, and I was looking forward to attending this show because, among other things, I prefer the all-ages scene to the unfortunate majority of Vancouver shows that are no-minors. Not only do all-ages shows tend



The Vinaigrettes work it at the Malcolm Lowery Room.
Photo by Yuko Mizuno

to draw a more fun loving crowd (imagine going to see the band rather than to drink beer and meet girls), but there seems to be less drunken fools to pick up off the ground in the pit. Unfortunately, this particular gig shot a hole right through my happy all-ages theory - people just had

the wrong idea. But more on that later.

If music was the sole determinant of the quality of a show, this one would've been a hit, especially Sparkmarker's set. This was my first chance to check out Kim on vocals, following the departure of former singer Ryan, and suffice it to say, my socks were knocked off. And how! These guys have broadened their repertoire tremendously and are going strong. A wicked set - shame about the "distracting idiots to whom I referred to in the first paragraph."

Those of you in attendance know what I mean. I really tried to maintain my cool, but the hordes of repeat stage divers got right under my skin. I can't believe it took until bones were broken until the nit-wits would cease to dive - despite the many pleas and warnings from the bands themselves.

Megan Bot

THE MANY
FACEPULLER
THE LOVED ONE
PONYBOY
Starfish Room

Thursday, January 26
Starting out the night, three-piece local band Ponyboy

THE MANY
FACEPULLER
THE LOVED ONE
PONYBOY
Starfish Room

Thursday, January 26
 Starting out the night, three-piece local band Ponyboy sulked their way through a set of fast and furious inventions, complete with the lead singer's relentless challenging of a certain member of the audience to "join" him on stage. A consistent performance despite the reactionary theatrics - take a pill!

The second band on the bill was the ever mystifying, often-giggling outfit The Loved One. I just didn't know what to think should I laugh? Should I cry? Perhaps I should pick my jaw off of the ground at least. The visual impact of this band is actually stronger than the musical impact, particularly in regard to the lead singer. Picture a hefty, mostly shaven (little tuft on the top of his head and goatee intact) man prancing around the stage in a blue pin-striped night



"a new chapter in your life is being written"

shirt and silver ankle bracelet. As for the music, it was apparent that tonight was not a fantastic night for these guys, especially towards the end of their set when they went completely out of sync. Perhaps it was the monitors...

Facepuller were up next with a solid, generous set of driving, straight ahead hard-core. There was enough wattage happening in the room that night to shred a face or two. Solid, solid, solid shit.

With their guitars humming like a swarm of pissed bees behind some very growing bass work, The Many provided the grand finale to this exhibition of up-and-coming acts. The vocalist reminded me somewhat of a younger Ian MacKaye, grinding out his impassioned agenda, his veins bulging out of his neck. The band isn't lacking a sense of humour, though, as was illustrated by their comical, spontaneous cover of "Viva Las Vegas."

After pounding out a solid set and an enthusiastically requested encore, the band took leave into the drizzly Vancouver night.

Samantha Calvert



HUGGY BEAR

Weaponry Listens To Love
(Kill Rock Stars/Famous Monkeys of Filmiland)
Huggy Bear is not a band that speaks to everyone. With only a few poppy exceptions, these girls and guy communicate in a deeply personal, alien language sure to confuse most casual listeners. They like weirdness, and they don't care if you understand or not.

Weaponry Listens To Love softens the band's abrasive riffs and speedy beats with poetic lyrics, occasional trumpet and piano, and a harrowing emotional depth. The song structures are rambling and jumbly, often running off into a pounding fury, while the rhythm section is incredible, with drums and bass jumping in scattered patterns you never would have imagined, more than making up for any deficiencies on the part of the guitar.

Although the music is inspired, it's the lyrical content of this album that really shows off Huggy Bear's talent. Their poetry is pulled from the gut, reaching past everyday language to express something beyond the commonplace. "If a Suicide" and "Obscurity + Speed In Fifteen Refractive" paint heart-wrenching pictures of depression and despair, and songs like "Immature Adolescence" and "On The Wolves' Tip" continue with the band's familiar theme of alienation. These are the words and thoughts of a person riding the tension line between strength and mental collapse - too mentally drained to keep fighting, but too proud to surrender.

The almost uniform sadness permeating this record is pierced only once, by the incredible "For Luscure Offenders," a song which seems to leap above and beyond the beaten-down melancholy of the rest of the album. "And it will look so pretty just before it destroys" assures male singer Chris in a scratchy, sexy voice, making us think that maybe the revolution isn't a lost cause

after all.

Poetry, rhythm, and soul are all here, fueled by an anger and a love that goes beyond most flat punk rhetoric. Huggy Bear's bizarre, emotionally unrestrained noise may sound strange, but it is their only weaponry against the sameness of the dreary, straight, square world.

Barbara

EDWARD KA-SPEL THE SILVERMAN Dream City (Terminal Kaleidoscope)

The legendary Pink Dots are having friends all over the world. Vancouver's Kevin Key (Skinny Puppy) released a few records under the name The Tear Garden with LDP, singer and composer Edward Ka-Spel. These days, the Dots are a little bit in trouble, because they left their Belgium label Play It Again Sam. The Dots, who were founded in London but living in The Netherlands for years, are releasing their stuff by themselves now. The two first issues are solo-records by Edward Ka-Spel and keyboarder Phil "The Silverman" Knight. He composed his material over a period of three years and his instrumental tracks are far beyond every known Pink Dots song. The Silverman is painting his atonal and well-structured sound landscapes with digital and analog instruments. Sometimes, this music builds up a wall of introverted emotions you can't get through. Ka-Spel's 11th (?) solo album sounds warm and lovely, but the next moment bizarre and like a journey through misery. Very personal experiences. If you want these CD's, write to: Edward Ka-Spel, c/o Terminal Kaleidoscope, Postbus

38253, 6503 Nymegen, The Netherlands, or fax 31-8812-3587
Sven Niechciol (He's German, so don't mind his English.)

LAUREL McDONALD
Kiss Good My Eyes
(Improbable Music)
Laurel McDonald's first album will carry you on a voyage to heaven and bring you back down into a steaming candlelit bath set on a cliff and enshrouded with swirling mist. Seldom do I hear a voice of such haunting strength that it stills my movement and entrances my mind. MacDonald's does. The music on this album is compelling and strong, originating from ancient texts of Greek chants and Gaelic music. For aficionados of Dead Can Dance and This Mortal Coil. (Not available in stores, but you can order it through the mail by calling 1-800-563-7234.)

Karen Feiduk

VARIOUS ARTISTS The World Of The Zombies (Poplarna)

The opening liner notes to *The World of the Zombies* state that "very little is known of the Zombies, really." True enough, and that's why the folks at Poplarna have taken it upon themselves to enlighten us with a selection of this British-invasion group's obscure hits, covered by some of today's West-coast luminaries. All the tracks are faithfully executed, from the opening track by Zamparo, to the hair-shaking cuts by the likes of Flop and The Fastbacks, and the snap-your-fingers beat of the Snatchers. "If It Don't Work Out"

and "Care of Cell 44." An enjoyable listen from a very special combo, the Zombies.
Bryce Dunn

CATHERINE
Sorry
(TVT)
"Better Living Through Noise," claims the cover of *Sorry*, with its cheery 50's-style cover sporting a truck driver in his big red truck, winosely waving at some towheaded youngsters while they wave back. On the back cover, a red and yellow beach ball has been added, about to be run over by the truck, so now it looks like the kiddies are waving frantically at the truck in an effort to save their ball.

Sorry is basically pop songs overlaid with walls of guitars, and that's fine by me. It's exceedingly pleasant and there's enough hooks to keep things interesting - heck, they even do a cover of a Bee Gees song called "Every Christian Lion Hearted Man Will Show You." And don't let the fact that Catherine has a split single out with the Starchildren, who are members of Catherine with the Smashing Pumpkins guy on vocals, scare you off.

Jane Scudeler

TERROR OF TINY TOWN Terror of Tiny Town (Independent)

I had the pleasure of listening to Terror of Tiny Town's first CD recently. Who says that eclecticism kills bands? TOTT are an eclectic quintet whose musical style covers the entire music map, as far as the tentacles of the poprock and the alternative genres can reach. The disc's first single, "Public Relations", is a

hard rock number, while "Adolescent Services" is a Celtic-style song and "Kim Philby" is an accordion-rock number (about the Russian/British double agent spy). If country-folk is your thing, then "Basket of Pears" is for you. It's a slow song, yet it tops the scorebook for originality - one of the band's many strong points. "Suckerpunch Drunk" is by far the most intense tune on the disc, and is also an excellent tune to dance to.

TOTT also experiment with ska, jazz-rock, and just about every other format and style that is known to the music industry. If you are tired of purchasing discs with thirteen songs which all sound pretty much the same, you will not be disappointed with the musical variety this disc contains.

Darren Abramson

SWEATY NIPPLES Bug Harvest (Megaforce Worldwide)

An album as awful as this one only comes along once in a while. *Sweaty Nipples* is basically a power rock band, which is not bad in itself. However, their "music" is full of irritating samples, ridiculous lyrics, unnecessary profanity, and incessant yelling. Furthermore, the songs all carry on for far too long. If I were to see these guys playing in some sleazy bar, I might, in my drunken state, find them mildly entertaining. However, in any other context *Sweaty Nipples* is simply an

incredibly annoying band. Hopefully I won't encounter any more crap like this any time in the near future.

Peter Stevens

THE THROWING MUSES Unity (AAD/Warner)

The Throwing Muses are back! Following last year's semi-acoustic solo release *Hips and Makers*, Kristin Hersh has emerged with yet another collection of moving, insightful songs, accompanied by long-standing Muses drummer David Narcizo and newcomers Bernard Georges (bass) and Jane Scarpantoni (cello).

Over the space of a generous fourteen tracks, the Muses succeed in enrapturing their audience with a tight cocoon of sensual sound, deliciously drawing their listeners into the delicious tangles of Hersh's bipolar mind. "Bright Yellow Gun," the first horse out of the gates, will pound its hooves furiously into your unsuspecting unconsciousness with explosive images such as "with you bright silver grin, you own sin, and I think I need a little poison." On "start" Hersh mimics the lines "I climb you as I grow older...I start at his knees, and I'll end in his dreams, I climb as I grow older...by fifty I'll ngle on your shoulder", ensuring herself a warm welcome in Alice's Wonderland.

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COMMON QUESTIONS:

- 1) IS THIS A NEW STORE?
- 2) DO YOU SELL USED FURNITURE?
- 3) DO YOU LIVE HERE?
- 4) IS THAT YOUR VAN?
- 5) DO YOU PEE STANDING UP OR SITTING DOWN?



2509 W. BROADWAY BY BENNY'S BAGELS
FOR FREE ABUSE CALL: 730-1968

COMMON ANSWERS

- 1) YES SINCE DEC.
- 2) YA RIGHT...
- 3) NO I HAVE A HOME.
- 4) NO, BUT THE CHICKS MINE
- 5) BOTH, DEPENDING ON THE ZINE SITUATION.

the Throwing Muses have created a soundtrack for travels into awaiting dreamlands - climb inside and enjoy the journey.

Samantha Calvert

GOOD HORSEY

Kazue
(Tracksun Industries)
Good Horsey should change their name to Great Horsey. As far as musical ability goes, these guys have it in abundance. Good Horsey are at the top of their category, whatever it may be.

This is a band that understands that it's more than appropriate to go from a very beautiful, moody two chord jammy into screaming feedback, jazzy movements and drum rolls that hold erratic undertones - it's interesting and fun, too! Although these songs are put together with the basics (guitar, bass, drums), Good Horsey break the boundaries of lo-finess and gently step into the slightly eccentric by adding ukulele, xylophone, pie pan, scrap metal, party favors, tape loops and story tellers to various tracks.

With vocals that are reminiscent of the Beatles later stuff, (circa *The White Album*, *Abbey Road*), or even the Velvet Underground/Lou Reed (especially in the lyrics "He isn't good at anything but starting a re-run, by now he's almost proud of it it's all he's paid to do"), this is art school music. I don't know if it's brilliant, but it's definitely great.

Sleuth

HITMEN 3

Bubbling Under
(NRV)

The music on *Bubbling Under* rocks like Bum, Bad Religion and Green Day, but Hitmen 3 lack the overall confidence that makes these other bands sound like cohesive units when they play. Many of the songs on this album sound very 'studio' in that the individual components of the songs never really come together, but remain as a bunch of separate parts. Most of the time the singer sounds like a muffled 'Morrissey goes pop-punk!' with some really unenthusiastic vocals that just stifle any of the steady rock that's going on. However, when the singer does decide to let it fly, the songs actually turn into something you can get a grip on. Starting with "No Limits" and "Braverhead", which turn up near the end of the 27 tracks, almost all of the remaining songs are of this positive variety. It's a damn shame that they aren't all like this, cuz' the songs would be way more enjoyable - and all it would take is a little Prozac here and there for singer-guy.

Steve DiPa

ECHOBELLY

Everyone's Got One
(Faune/Sony)

This is a band that Canadians will definitely be hearing more of in the months to come. Fronted by Indian-born, British transplanted Sonya Aurora Madan, Echobelly have released their first full-length album. It's title, *Everyone's Got One* is in reference to, it seems, one's opinion, and what Madan refers to personally as "My Big Mouth". Addressing controversial issues such as Nazism in "Today Tomorrow Sometimes Never" and the oppression of Muslim women in "Give Her a Gun", Madan has placed herself under the scrutinizing eye of the notoriously judgemental, conservative British press, gaining many admirers along the way.

Echobelly's style lends itself to the fond British music traditions of ear-catching energetic pop balladry a la Wonderstuff, Belly, et al., gaining distinction from Madan's striking soprano. Worth a listen, and a place in your collection.

Samantha Calvert

"you will soon be in the limelight"



BATUSI A GOGO AT THE PIT PUB!

S.U.B. SONIC

Thursdays

LIVE

at the

PIT

BANDS START @ 9:30

LIVE BANDS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT!

ADMISSION IS FREE!!

MARCH 2

CUB
AND
KNOCKDOWN GINGER

MARCH 9

BUM
AND
HARVEY SID FISHER

MARCH 16

BIG GULP
AND
SF ENVELOPE

MARCH 23

AGE OF ELECTRIC
AND
DIESEL CANDY

MARCH 30

TERROR OF TINY TOWN
AND
THURSTON

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PLEA
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Education Association
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PHONE
291-0049

HELP!

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

Are you an outgoing, spontaneous man or woman over the age of 19 with a never-say-die attitude and a good sense of humour?

We are a non-profit society that helps young offenders and children aged 8 to 12 who are at risk of getting into trouble.

If you have about three hours per week available for at least the next six months we'd really like to hear from you. We believe that one-to-one interaction with a well-adjusted adult can improve the behaviour of a troubled child.

Interested? Please call us today.

We've Come a Long Way, Baby!



Accuracy and quickness are important qualities for girls in banking, especially those who tick off rows of figures in the bookkeeping room.

CiTR Radio 101.9 FM celebrates

International Women's Day

with a full day of programming for, by, and about women of all shapes and sizes.
Tune in from 8am-midnight on Wednesday, March 8th!

ALL DAY, ALL WOMEN!

On March 8th, at least. And on CiTR 101.9 FM. So tune in from 8am to midnight, and this is what you'll hear:

- 8-9am morning news
- 9-9:30 helen's kitchen
(recipes, recipes, recipes!)
- 9:30-11 jazz 'n' blues
- 11am-12pm women in history
- 12-12:30 campus news
- 12:30-1 health show
- 1-2 international women
(spoken word and tunes by women from around the world)
- 2-3:30 riot grrrl (music/spoken word)
- 3:30-4 interview w/ disability rights activist
Bonnie Klein
- 4-5 women in theatre (with
Full Figure Theatre)
- 5-6 evening news
- 6-7 women of colour
- 7-8 eco-feminism (with EYA,
Tzepora Burman ...)
- 8-9 queer-core
- 9-10 canadian indie rock
- 10-11 live from thundergirl
radio hell (with yvette
and lashback!)
- 11-11:30 erotica
- 11:30pm- GOODBYE! BITCH
- 12am SESSION! PARTEE ...

for more information call 822-3017



SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. Most broadcasting shuts art for incoherent market music. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open. Hosted by Paul Silverman and Cam Mackintosh.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae and all styles and fashion. Mike Cherry and Peter Williams alternate as hosts.

SOLIL CHURCH 3:00-5:00 PM Alternating Sundays with Brent Aray. Vancouver's only program devoted entirely to African-Caribbean and African-American Gospel music. Your host, Vince Hay.

HEATHER'S SHOW 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great musical musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

LULU'S BACK IN TOWN 8:00-9:00PM No cover or even a token polly blind. Venice Capital and Sunny Prince bring you one hour of pure lightbulbs, laid hugging, crooning POLYESTER.

GEETANAALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanaali is a one-hour radio show which features a wide range of music from India. This includes classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's. Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Shagais, and also Quawwalis, Folk Songs, etc. Hosted by J. Dhar, A. Patel and V. Sarjan.

IN THE GROOVE OF INCOHERENCY 12:00AM-1:00 AM Drive your gear and stay up late. Naked radio for male people. Get bent. Love Dave.

MONDAYS

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-skinned stars, James and Petre, offer a sensory blend of the familiar and the unknown in a blend of hard-deleted. Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

THE STUDIO RADIO SHOW 11:00 AM-1:00 PM With your hosts the Gourd of Ignorance and Don the Wanderer. What will we play today? They will put it away.

MEKAMOKI OBJECT NOIZE 1:00-3:00 PM CTR's industrial/noise/noise show, alternating with SKINTIGHT BUFFET. A wacky British pop, Beatle Boys, indie guitar jams, and techno thrown in for good measure. We'll play a variety of new music with you, scud@mekeandkidd.ca.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM A endeavour to feature dead air, verbal resistance (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth-century composer—can you say minimalist?—and whatever else appeals to me. Fog and dyke positive. Mail in

the PEAKING CANUCK 7:00-9:00PM if you are suffering an identity crisis you may want to tune into this show more than once. Your host Bob Walker chronicles Canada in 20th Century sound every second week.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-sue Gawn Walker. Features at 11.

March 6: "The Jazz Soul of 'Porgy and Bess'" The title sums this up, Bill Potts arranged, conducted and played the band to play Gershwin's great music. Ken Farmer, Phil Woods, Bill Evans are only a few of the stars in this wonderful album.

March 13: Part 1 of a 2 part feature. The Love Continues at the Hotel Hope. With Wameh-Mani (tenor sax) and Bill Evans (piano). Done in 1959, but they sound so fresh and new.

March 20: Part 1 of the Love Continues Quartet.

March 27: The Jazz Corps—a unique and highly original group made up of frustrated students playing live in a who were determined to play some damn jazz. Aching was Tommy Pether, and guest artist Richard Richard Kite.

SCREAMING INCONSISTENCIES 12:00-4:00AM The ultimate contest. Screwing you over with nostalgia, then bringing you back to what you might call reality. We do poetry, too.

TUESDAYS

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 8:30-11:00AM That right, baby Punk-pop, surf-skip, and lots more than just for can. Tune in to me, Bryce D., for all the cool that get class every Tuesday morning. Tonal.

MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW 3:00-5:00PM Women in music and prints in music two hours of info and cool. To do: don't need a pen to be a musical genius. Carol and I.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Meet the unheard ones the unheard and the herds of hardly heard are heard, courtesy of host and demo director Dave Sawyer. Hard up!

RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board! Latin music and instrumental features with your local hosts Wendy, Rolando, and Mateo as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Cumbia and other Rhythmic Favorites. Latin music will kill it!

give you a tan! **PHOTO SABROSA! WOLF AT THE DOOR 10:00PM-12:00AM** Alternating Tuesdays. Live readings and the latest in techno bezzam with host Lupus Vorodsky.

AURAL TENTACLES MIDNITE - VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised. The music, news and 200 WHOD knows by there may not be suitable for the entire family.

WEDNESDAYS

MUSIC AS A WHOLE 8:30-9:30AM Bob? Mylo, kinda sorta, but not necessarily? **TACHT CLUB 11:30-1:15** Drop anchor with our weekly format. It's a special! **ESOTERIK 6:00-7:00PM** (ex-o-r-k) w/d. Love Sucks 1:15-3:00PM Tune in for the musical catharsis that is Love Sucks. If you can't make sense of it, at least you can dance to it!

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "I am a brother, steal his colors, insult the club and me, look out, you gotta party!" This is the code that has escalated reality. The cutting room floor is in a blood feud...

THE EATING ROOM DUBS 3:00-6:00PM Join our own "best buy" team O'Clock for news, reviews, interviews, all the alms in the film business that Mary Hart and entertainment legend Duffell to broadcast.

ESOTERIK 6:00-7:00PM (ex-o-r-k) w/d. understood by, or intended for, only a section of disciples; secret; mysterious. AND SOMETHING WHY 7:30-9:00PM and sometimes why are people so miserable? Guess that's life... but we always have Sissy Quack's Utterly Elegant Eddy Kool Yoko!

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLINDHIAH 10:00PM-12:00 AM Let D/L's Andrea and Brenda immerse you in radioback Bhungal "Oshaki de phutay." Listen to all our favorite Purgals tunes—remixes and originals. Sitrazat!

THURSDAYS

RADIO FREE WOMEN 10:00-11:30AM We're in your homes and in your heads. Anna and Deb insinuate their way into your life to entertain, provoke, preach, rant, seduce, and to you. It's only 10am, are they talking?

about one again? **CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30-1:00PM** Toques, plates, backdoor, beer, gigs and beavers. Eat your lunch every Thursday with Saylor. **STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM** Crazing the boys! Club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM —CRG— CORE— **YOUR DREAM VACATION 5:30-6:00PM** If you move in your groove and noise to motion, it's a backspace's you thing there's what you do: Thursdays at super tune in to this show.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:00PM Nothin' but stocks, nothing but a backspace's you thing there's what you do: Thursdays at super tune in to this show.

OLD SCHOOL ROCK AND ROLL 7:00-9:00PM Back 'N' Roll: If you don't get into rock 'N' Roll Heaven don't blame it!

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local music from 9. Live bands from 10. March 2: Signal and the Minstrels.

March 3: The Mysterians **RADIO TRANSUBSTANTIATION YE! 11:00-11:30PM** Alternating with the Minstrels. Ethan Meyer, Dyer Pym, and minimalist Captain Ken strap and massage your earbuds with non-stop humor, inject and learn something!

TALES FROM THE INFINITE LIVINGROOM - Alternating with RTY 11:00-11:AM Chris Pansh explores the Marston's states and psycho-social aspects of The Infinite Livingroom, that with dimensional space between perceived consciousness and profound absurdity.

FRIDAYS

VENUS FILTHY LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM Gynephags. Love in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here... and bring some sex. XXXX.

LITTLE TWIN STARS Alt. with Go! 11:30-12:30 PM Strap on your vinyl (or lo-fi) for intergalactic ride to the stars. Hello Kitty!

NARDWARU THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:00-4:00PM Have a good trunk!

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5:00-6:00PM

5:30PM Do you want to make you a SaverTough Tiger? Half an hour of unstable news coverage plus our weekly wrap up. From Brighton, England, come the most... **NATION 2 NATION 6:00-9:00PM** Underground sound system-style materialists rule.

FOR THE RECORD 7:00-6:45PM Free American Series. **HOMELESS 9:00PM-12:00AM** The voice of the homeless. Dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Nook, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, and other... **SATURDAYS**

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Now in its 10th year on the air, The Edge on Radio features music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, drinks, comedy sketches, folk music, calendar, critical previews, etc. **plus World Cap Report 11:30 AM-8:45 AM** African/World news: 9-12 noon. Celtic music and feature performance.

POWERCHORD 12:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show. Local demo tapes, imported vinyl, live shows, local dance parties, etc. **plus World Cap Report 11:30 AM-8:45 AM** African/World news: 9-12 noon. Celtic music and feature performance.

THE SHOW 6:00-8:00PM Strictly Hip Hop - Strictly Underground - Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Craig G. Mr. Cheeka & I swing on the 1 & 2's.

THE BIG STOMP 10:00PM-1:00AM alternating with Groove Jumping **10:00-11:00PM** Now in its 10th year on the air, The Edge on Radio features music you won't hear anywhere else, studio guests, new releases, drinks, comedy sketches, folk music, calendar, critical previews, etc. **plus World Cap Report 11:30 AM-8:45 AM** African/World news: 9-12 noon. Celtic music and feature performance.

SOMETHING 1:00-4:00PM I can wait a long time before I hear another love song.

NEW STUFF THIS MONTH: THE SHOWS AND SOLUTION (techno) will be filling in Thursdays **10:00-11:00PM** Alternating with the Minstrels. Ethan Meyer, Dyer Pym, and minimalist Captain Ken strap and massage your earbuds with non-stop humor, inject and learn something!

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SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
THE CITR MORNING SHOW / BBC WORLD SERVICE						
are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	third time's the charm	Music as a hole	compact disco	Vease Fortner's Love Day	the SATURDAY EDGE
			DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER	Radio Free WOMEN	I See Normal	
	the STOPB RADIO SHOW	helen's hut	THE YACHT CLUB	CANADIAN LUNCH	Bigfoot	
NEWS				Colonel's Corner		NEWS
ROCKERS SHOW	MENINGUINO ROBERT ROUSE	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	love sucks	SAM	10 ft little twin stars	POWER CHORD
				sugarlump		
BREAST ARBO/	Meat-Eating Vegan	Mary Tyler Moore Show	MOTOR DADDY	FLEX YOUR HEAD	Sluggo & Diplo	
Saint Charch	Feminine My-flesh				NARDWAU/ ROIZ	AFRICAN SHOW
BLACKTAN	THE BIRD WATCHERS	CITR	DINNER REPORT	TRAVEL SHOW	Poetry Show	
Hegther's Show	Flaming Caterpillars	Aware Hoase	ESOTERIK	Out for Kids	NATION 2	THE SHOW (hiphop)
Eulin's Back in Town	THE PEAKING CANUCK / hip hop habit	UNHEARD MUSIC	and sometimes why	OLD SCHOOL ROCK & ROLL	NATION	whatever it takes
GeetAnali		RITMG LATING	AFRICAN VARIETY	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL		shorts
ONE STEP BEYOND/ RADIO FREE AMERICA	THE JAZZ SHOW	wolf at the door/ witchdoctor highball	stre oanta jallandar	RADIO T.Y./ TALES FROM THE INFINITE LIVINGROOM	HOME BASS	GROOVE JUMPING
IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	SCREAMING INCON-SISTENCIES	AURAL TENTACLES	THEORY.NFA	sonic solution	Living Sink	SOMETHING

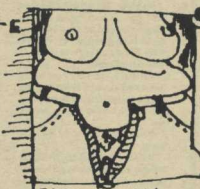
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN ANGRY YOUNG WOMAN DISCOVERS HER BONES



ONCE UPON A TIME
THERE WAS AN ANGRY
YOUNG WOMAN



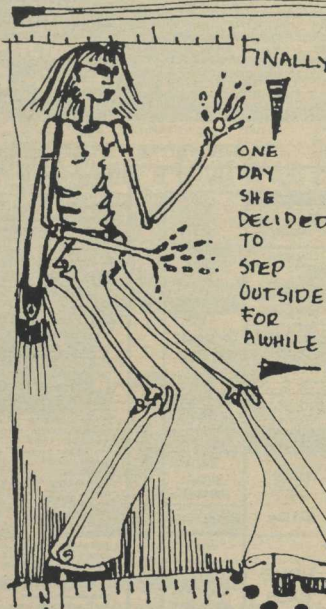
SHE LAZED ABOUT
IN HER LIFE, EATING,
GETTING FAT AND
STAYING ANGRY



EVENTUALLY
CIRCUMSTANCES
FORCED HER TO
MAKE A FEW
CHANGES



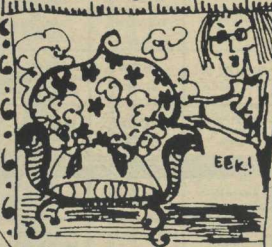
IT WAS A GRADUAL
THING
SHE DIDNT
EVEN
REALLY
NOTICE
AT
FIRST



FINALLY
ONE
DAY
SHE
DECIDED
TO
STEP
OUTSIDE
FOR
A WHILE



THE POTENTIAL OF
HER WEAPONS
Dawned ON HER
SLOWLY



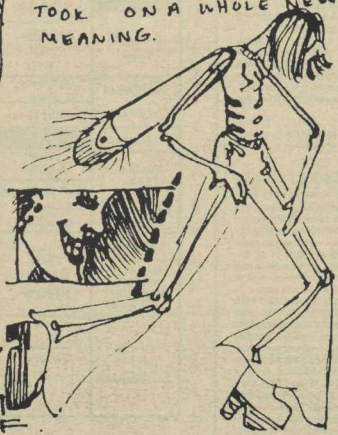
STARTING WHEN HER
BONY BUM SLICED
UP THE CHAIR SHE
SAT ON

SHE WAS STILL AN ANGRY GIRL



EVERYTHING WAS DIFFERENT NOW

TERMS LIKE "ELBOW IN THE STOMACH"
"KNEE TO THE GROIN" OR
"SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT"
TOOK ON A WHOLE NEW
MEANING.



FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN A
LONG TIME
SHE BEGAN TO
SMILE



AND SHE KNEW SHE WAS SHARP
ENOUGH TO LOOK AFTER HERSELF



Charts

- march '95 LONG VINYL 50**
- 1 suspenso
 - 2 various artists
 - 3 fastbacks
 - 4 own drench
 - 5 gessamine
 - 6 mary lou lord
 - 7 sparkmarker
 - 8 free kitten
 - 9 various artists
 - 10 throwing mases
 - 11 the new bomb turks
 - 12 lids
 - 13 various artists
 - 14 various artists
 - 15 the 5.6.7.8's
 - 16 good horsey
 - 17 huggy bear
 - 18 pet
 - 19 various artists
 - 20 bender
 - 21 the fakes
 - 22 various artists
 - 23 bikini kill
 - 24 laurie macdonald
 - 25 booky lee
 - 26 deutsch rapal
 - 27 bettie servent
 - 28 magnified plaid
 - 29 various artists
 - 30 various artists
 - 31 face to face

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| 32 danger gens | evil bed set | crunch melody |
| 33 kraemer | the secret of comedy | shimmy-disc |
| 34 various artists | stars kill rock | kill rock stars |
| 35 brainiac | bonsai superstar | grass |
| 36 the wolfgang press | funky little demons | ted |
| 37 the stone roses | second coming | geffen |
| 38 dirt bike naked | dirt bike naked | independent |
| 39 hazel | are you going to eat that | sub pop |
| 40 blaise pascal | forward ep | cave canum |
| 41 poor old lu | sin | alarma |
| 42 six feet deep | struggle | rex |
| 43 ten foot pole | rev | epitaph |
| 44 various artists | impact music vol. 5 | impact |
| 45 cranes | loved | arista |
| 46 some velvet sidewalk | shipwreck | t |
| 47 the action swingers | quit while you're ahead | caroline |
| 48 dogbowli & 39 | hot day in waco | shimmy-disc |
| 49 starflyer 59 | starflyer 59 | toothandnail |
| 50 us saucer | tender places come from ... | amarillo |

march '95 SHORT VINYL 35

- | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 wandering lacy | hit | independent |
| 2 gaze | bob | independent |
| 3 fluff | 24-7 years | silver girl |
| 4 broken girl | dog love part ii | sassy |
| 5 six cents & natalie | punk fell to earth | rubber goldfish |
| 6 huevos rancheros | go west young bee | trovader |
| 7 pest 500 | toast | no life |
| 8 howard north | song #8 | two peters |
| 9 the stand spotbilly | split 7" | meg wheel |
| 10 the links | dirty rotten finks | dionysus |
| 11 resin scraper | dub factor | birdmansound |
| 12 the cave 4 | high wall | dionysus |
| 13 larry & the left-handed | rubber baby | trash can |
| 14 pet ufo | pigeon heaven | burntsienna |
| 15 teengenerate | dirty robber | lucky |
| 16 engine | 20 | no life |
| 17 helium | pat's trick | matador |
| 18 vibralex | high performance | candy floss |
| 19 the threes | i like to eat fish | flying tart |
| 20 the volcenes | krakatos side swipe | neurotic bug |
| 21 various artists | i present this | union pole |
| 22 sammyblonde redhead | split | misha |
| 23 tinker | realalie | bear |
| 24 the grifters | queen of the table | waters sub pop |
| 25 the chubbies | she's your daughter, san | kantails |
| 26 razor 18 | high intensity noise | popfactory |
| 27 slayface | dann everything but circus | cravedog |
| 28 clairanal | dann doesn't lie | no idea |
| 29 lia phair | supernova | matador |
| 30 black kronstadt | crimes of capital ... | independent |
| 31 supersuckers | on the couch | sub pop |
| 32 teen angels | genesis is on my side | scooch pooch |
| 33 hula hoop | butterfinger | silver girl |
| 34 the wankin' teens | johnny keep walkin' | goatbilly |
| 35 turkish delight | try harder | gull |

march '95 INDIE HOME JOBS

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 meow | boy groupies |
| 2 wandering lacy | surly |
| 3 unhappies | peanut guy |
| 4 lick the pole | lick the pole |
| 5 dhs | solitaire |
| 6 plump | first gig |
| 7 down corporation | hll |
| 8 place in history | groovin' |
| 9 pifco 88 | she says |
| 10 paisley suitcase | reconcile |
| 11 big gulp | gutter |
| 12 squeaky | not all daisies |
| 13 mark (from good horsey) | spring chicken |
| 14 texture | london |
| 15 darkest of the hillside thickets | colour me green |
| 16 terror t & the beat assassinator | true 2 the game |
| 17 suckerpunch | smack |
| 18 lux indigo | she's not on the menu |
| 19 gonch messiah | fecundicator |
| 20 ten days late | getaway |

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

- | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|--------------|
| 1 astro cat | hidden | dropbass |
| 2 pulse | move remixes | hathhouse |
| 3 ego bam yasi | pizzacid | finflex |
| 4 choem few | white label | monkum |
| 5 system 01 | mind sensations | tresor |
| 6 various artists | technobed 1 | react |
| 7 the source exp. | different journeys lp | r&s |
| 8 nine dpx | x factor | dpx up beats |
| 9 resistance d | skyline remixes | hathhouse |
| 10 search & destroy | return to madness | monkum |

HIP HOP 12" VINYL

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|------------|
| 1 enif -i- weusun | da shinin' lp | wreck |
| 2 the roots | do you want more? | geffen |
| 3 method man | lcoal lp | dad gun |
| 4 notorious b.i.g. | big poppa 12" | bag/dadboy |
| 5 pharcyde | my soul 12" mad | sounds |
| 6 Keith murray | get lifted 12" | bag/jive |
| 7 mobb deep | shook ones pt.2 12" | bag/loud |
| 8 a.c. | word ... life lp | wild pitch |
| 9 street fighter | soundtrack lp | priority |
| 10 group home | supa star 12" | payday |

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FEBRUARY

SAT 25 Plato, Gob, Cinnamon & Queazy at Crosstown Traffic (ALL AGES)...Pizzicato Five w/The Cocalists at the Starfish...Bughouse 5 at the Railway Club...Queen Ida and the Bon Tones Zydeco Band at the Commodore...The River Wild (7pm) & Stargate (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

SUN 26 G. Love & Special Sauce w/Lux Indigo at the Starfish...Bender at the Hungry Eye...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/DJs Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Railway Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at the Cafe Deux Soleils...The River Wild (7pm) & Stargate (9:30pm) at UBC Cinemas...

MON 27 Pat Metheny at the Orpheum Theatre...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...

TUE 28 Maria Muldaur at Richards on Richards...Cinderella at the Commodore...Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess, Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...

MARCH

WED 1 Solid Gold w/djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone, Dickey Doo at the Shaggy Horse...Wonderland w/DJs Lace & Little T at MaRks...

THU 2 LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL ON CTR 101.9 FM. SIGNAL and THE MINSTRELS...Subsonic Thursdays at the Pit Pub featuring Cul w/Knock Down Ginger...Boyz II Men at the Pacific Coliseum...Eric Burdon from the Animals at Richards on Richards...Ass Ponys w/Technical Jed...Mary Lou Lord w/guest Elliott Smith at the Starfish Room...Chocolate Milk w/DJ Michael Golf (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...The Bottle w/djs Clarence & David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...

FRIDAY 3 August Frost, Bill's Psychotic Mother, Black Dogs of Depression at the Starfish Room...Weird Al Yankovic at the Vogue Theatre...Don't Die in a House Fire! Ken Jensen Memorial at the Commodore, with SNFU, Gus, and members of NoMeansNo, The Hanson Brothers, The Show Business Giants & Mr. Wrong...Matthew Sweet at the Town Pump...Sweet Dick at the Vancouver Press Club...King Cobb Steele & Change of Heart at the Hungry Eye...Fear, The Lemons & Mr. T Experience at the Off Ramp, Seattle...

SAT 4 Ken Jensen Memorial featuring Sparkmarker, Facepuller, Dog Eat Dogma, Aging Youth Gang, Hunting Humans & Scum Element at the New York Theatre (ALL AGES)...Lyle Lovett at the QE Theatre...Roughage at the Malcolm Lowry Room...Mut Caliente w/B. Salsa, Piramide, Songo Son at the Commodore...The Irish Descendants at the Town Pump...Mad Pudding at the VECC...The Blue Shadows...The Rattled Roosters at the Starfish Room...Sweet Dick at the Vancouver Press Club...Supersonic Soul Pimps, Get it Girl, Pete Meiser & the 5 fingers of Punk at the Off Ramp, Seattle...

SUN 5 GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Nick Lowe w/Jim Lauderdale at the Town Pump...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soleils...Bile, Virus 23, Halo Black, 16 VOLT at the Off Ramp, Seattle...

MON 6 CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB...Women in Bluegrass at the Glass Slipper...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...

TUE 7 Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess & Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...

WED 8 INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY! - TUNE IN TO CTR 101.9 FM TO HEAR AN ENTIRE DAY OF SPECIAL PROGRAMMING...Solid Gold w/djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone, Dickey Doo (progressive house) at the Shaggy Horse...

THU 9 LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL ON CTR 101.9 FM. THE MYSTERONS...CTR 101.9 FM presents Subsonic Thursdays w/Bum & Harvey Sid Fisher at the Pit Pub (no cover)...Celestial Magenta at the Hungry Eye...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...The Bottle w/djs David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...

FRIDAY 10 NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS Skookum Chief Powered Teenage Zit Rawk Angst with Harvey Sid Fisher, Dub Narcotic, The Fallouts, The Evaporators, The Tonics, Joey Cheezee at Studio J (ALL AGES)...The Intoxicants at the Niagara Pub...Stonehouse at the Vancouver Press Club...Meat Men, Teen Angels, WiderMan & Mob Sled at the Off Ramp, Seattle...

SAT 11 Spell w/Queazy at the Starfish Room...Harvey Sid Fisher at the Malcolm Lowry Room...The Beauticians at the Vancouver Press Club...I am a Wild Party! - Kim Mitchell at Breakers...The Rheostatics at the Commodore...

SUN 12 Toad the Wet Sprocket w/Hootie & the Blowfish at the Vogue Theatre...Maceo Parker & His Six Piece Funk All Stars w/The David Murray Trio at the Commodore...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soleils...

MON 13 CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB...Weezer w/Archers of Loaf at the Commodore (ALL AGES)...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...

TUE 14 Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess, Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...

WED 15 DRI, Strain, Ponyboy & Ten Days Late at the New York Theatre (ALL AGES)...Solid Gold w/djs T-Bone, Dickey Doo, Jon Hardy (progressive house) at the Shaggy Horse...

THU 16 CTR 101.9 FM presents Subsonic Thursdays w/Big Guld & SF Envelope at the Pit Pub (no cover)...Speedbuggy, Marmalade & Squelch at the Hungry Eye...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf (acid jazz) at the Shaggy Horse...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...

FRIDAY 17 The Paperboys at the Starfish Room...djs Jon Hardy & Druna at the Shaggy Horse...

SAT 18 Rumblesteelskin at the Starfish Room...Terror of Tiny Town at the Hungry Eye...

SUN 19 Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soleils...GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...

MON 20 CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB...Reading Railroad (spoken word performances) at the Railway...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...

TUE 21 Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess, Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...Garlic Conspiracy at Richards on Richards...

WED 22 Dave Alvin, Peter Case, Tom Russell at the Starfish Room...Solid Gold w/djs djs Jon Hardy, T. Bone, Dickey Doo at the Shaggy Horse...

THU 23 CTR 101.9 FM presents Subsonic Thursdays w/Age of Electric & Crankshaft at the Pit Pub (no cover)...The Bottle (acid jazz) w/djs Clarence & David Love Jones at the Piccadilly Pub...Sol w/dj Markem at Graceland...Chocolate Milk w/dj Michael Golf at the Shaggy Horse...

FRIDAY 24 Margaret Cho at the Vogue Theatre...Des'ree at Richards on Richards...House of Commons at the Niagara Pub...

SAT 25 Tom Lewis at the WISE Hall...Silly Rabbit at the Niagara

SUN 26 GoGo Jazz Lounge w/djs Michael Golf & Lovely Lisa at the Arts Club Theatre...Alternative Jazz at Cafe Deux Soleils...

MON 27 CTR 101.9 FM PRESENTS GEEK LOVE AT THE PIT PUB...The Eagles at the Pacific Coliseum...Pat Metheny featuring Lyle Mays at the Orpheum...Celestial Magenta at Richards on Richards...Zoo Boogaloo w/djs Spun-K & Czech at the Starfish Room...

TUE 28 Spectrum at the Starfish...The Eagles at the Pacific

Coliseum...June Tabor at the VECC...Leisure Lounge w/djs Jon Hardy, Jess & Druna (deep house/ambient) at the Shaggy Horse...

WED 29 Come on, there must be something goin' down...

THU 30 LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL ON CTR 101.9 FM : DOWN CORPORATION...CTR 101.9 FM presents Subsonic Thursdays w/Terror of Tiny Town & Thurston at the Pit Pub (no cover)...

FRIDAY 31 We'll probably have another issue of this damn magazine ready by this day, so read it to find out what the hell is going on...

AN OLD FRIEND WILL BE YOUR SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

VENUS VENUS VENUS VENUS VENUS VENUS VENUS VENUS

Alma Street Cafe 2505 Alma (at Broadway)	222 2244
Anza Club 3 W 8th (Mount Pleasant)	876 7128
Arts Hotline	684 2787
@ Gallery 110 W Hastings (downtown)	685 0589
Basix	689 7754
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnson (Granville Island)	687 1354
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E Broadway (Mount Pleasant)	873 1331
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 0999
Celebrities 1022 Davie (West End)	689 3180
CNIMax Theatre 999 Canada Place (downtown)	682 4629
Commodore Ballroom 870 Hastings (Granville Mall)	681 7838
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1531
Crocodan Traffic 316 W Hastings (downtown)	669 7573
Denman Place Cinema 1039 Denman (West End)	683 2201
District Coffee 1035 Mainland (Yaletown)	687 0032
Firehall Arts Centre 289 E Cordova (at Main)	689 0926
Food Not Bombs Vancouver	872 6719
Glass Slipper 2714 Prince Edward (Mount Pleasant)	877 0066
Graceland 1258 Richards (downtown)	688 2648
Hastings Community Centre 2096 E Hastings (East Van)	255 4066
Hemp B.C. 324 W Hastings (downtown)	681 4620
Highly Coloured Theatre 3123 W Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211
Hungry Eye 23 W Cordova (Gastown)	688 5351
Koerner's Pub 824 E (UBC)	822 0999
La Quena 1111 Commercial Drive (the Drive)	251 6626
Lava-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)	688 3208
Lux Theatre 57 E Hastings (Gastown)	682 5465
Malcolm Lowry Room 4125 E Hastings (Burnaby)	688 0143
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown)	688-8701
Odyssey Imports 534 Seymour (downtown)	669 6644
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown)	682 3291
Orpheum Theatre Smithie & Seymour (downtown)	665 3050
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown)	731 3456
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W Pender (downtown)	682 3221
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC)	682 6273
Pitt Gallery 317 W Hastings (downtown)	681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 7050
Punk Listings	684PUNK
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (downtown)	681 1625
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Avenue)	738 6311
Riviera Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown)	674 4200
Scratch Records 317A Cambie (downtown)	687 6355
Shaggy Horse Cabaret 818 Richards (downtown)	688 2923
Speedy O'Tubbs Fairview (Bellingham)	(206) 734 1539
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown)	682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End)	689 0906
Station Street Cinema 930 Station (downtown)	688 3312
Yr Tavern 1236 W 10th Avenue (Point Grey)	(206) 734 1881
Town Pump 66 Water Street (Gastown)	683 6095
Track Records 552 Seymour (downtown)	682 7976
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (Gastown)	682 8550
UBC CINEMA (located in the SUB)	822 3697
UBC Grad Centre Gate 4 (UBC)	822 0999
Vancouver East Cultural Centre 1895 Venables	254 9578
Vancouver Centre Cinema 650 W Georgia (downtown)	669 4442
Vivid Theatre 4375 W 10th Avenue (Point Grey)	232 2335
Videos In 1965 Main (South Van)	872 8337
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	257 6205
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)	685 6217
W.L.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)	254 5858
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)	681 9253
Zulu Records 1869 W 4th Avenue (Kitsilano)	738 3232

SUBMISSIONS FOR DATEBOOK ARE FREE! PLEASE FAX YOUR LISTINGS FOR THE APRIL ISSUE ATTENTION "DISORDER DATEBOOK" AT 822 3646, BY THE PRINT DEADLINE, MARCH 20th.

Sam the Record Man

CANADA'S LARGEST AND BEST KNOWN RECORD STORES

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Split 7"



International grudge match with Canada & Japan's top teen superpowers of punk! But it's not total bloodshed as the forces 'kiss and makeup' on the B-sides by covering each others songs on this specially priced double pack 7" on Lance Rock Records! See **Bum** Live in concert at the Pit Pub on Thursday March 9th. **\$4.99**

PLUTO

Cool Way To Feel



Like Teenage Fanclub with dirt-encrusted fingernails, **Pluto** debuts this month with their first full-length CD 'Cool Way To Feel', 13 power-pop blasts. **\$12.99 CD**

ALLEN DES NOYERS

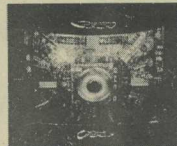
Sunset Theatre



Des Noyers' acoustic guitar wizardry and wry poetic lyrics are enhanced by Eugene Martynec's crisp production in this jazz-infected folk album. 'Bruce Cockburn, Stephen Fearing, Don Ross: add to that list of notable players.' **Allen des Noyers.** (CBC TV) **\$12.99 CD \$7.99 cassettes**

SPARKMARKER

Gerberick



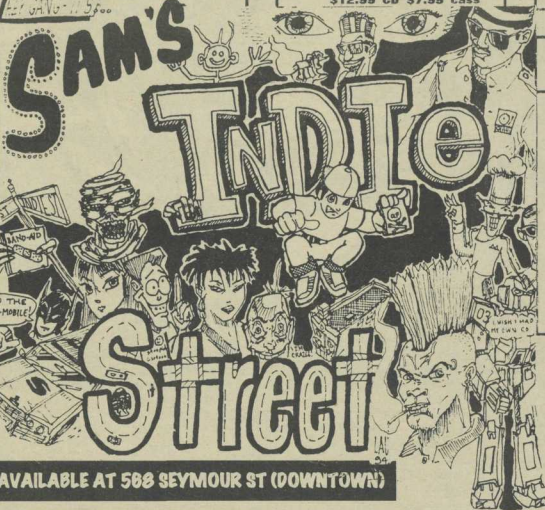
The final installment of the 3 part series that documents the 'Products & Accessories' CD on vinyl. This 7" includes the first 3 songs from the CD with yet another fine display of artwork from Ken Gerberick. The missing link that completes the collection. **\$3.99 7"**

WRETCHED ETHYL

Incision Dress



'Another fantabulous release from a band who can do no wrong. If they were a breakfast cereal, they'd be Lucky Charms.' - Jason Schreurs, Terminal City **\$4.99 cassettes**



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GUPPY

A Tasty Hearty Dish



Discover a flood of new tones from local indie band **Guppy**. Excellent songwriting dominates this mix of subcultured noise pop that's '7:10 good! So buy it! (Recorded in digital) **\$9.99 CD**

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PET

Lightning Motoguzzi Charge



Vancouver's rock n' rollers, **Pet**, sweat out a six pack of punk pop delight on their debut CD. Watch out for this broody trio at a tavern near you. **Pet bites. \$9.99 CD**

SLUGGERUSTY NAILS

Split 7"



Now something so sad has hold of us that the breath leaves and we can't even cry. **\$2.99 7"**

CURTIS BLAYNE

Between Your Heart & Mine



Produced by Bill Buckingham, this album is filled with radio friendly songs that are sure to feed the palates of radio audiences. Curtis' latest single 'Georgia Rain' accompanied by a video can be seen on the New Country Network and heard on radio station's coast to coast. **\$7.99 cassettes, \$12.99 CD**

FACE OF FEAR

After School Special



A taste of things to come on the forthcoming CD, 'After School Special' is a smorgasbord of spite & sarcasm. 'Fast and aggressive, hardcore for the 90's.' - Exclaim! **\$4.99 cassettes**

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releases!



Kustomized

• The Battle For Space

Unfazed from their estranged and much over-looked 1993 EP, *The Mystery of Kustomized*. Boston's virile punkers Kustomized sum it up once again. As the title suggests, Kustomized are engaged in rebellion - rebellion within the milieu of critically positioned punk rock à la *Volcano Suns* and *Missions of Burma*. Another groovy Matador Records release.

• 14.98 9.98

Archers of Loaf

• Harnessed in Slums EP

Just what the hell is an Archer of Loaf? As far as we can tell, it must have something to do with great rock music because that's what these Archers do. For them, and us, the "Loaf" is a nourishing morsel of punk ingenuity. As far as their archery is concerned, every shot's a hit. An accurate, toe-tapping, pop-rock, bang-off, and these Archers know their Loaf. Come on in for a slice or three (new songs that is).

• EP 7.98

Sebadoh

• Rebound EP (Ltd Edition)

Another complement to your weepy, sensitive indie rock library, courtesy of the boys they call Sebadoh. With such infectious introspection, Lou B's singalongable talk therapy amounts to another fine release. Battering your tears while pleasing your ears. Just try and listen to the acoustic versions of "Magnet's Coil" and "Rebound" without being overcome with a satisfying melancholy. Ahh, I think I'll go sit by myself for a while.

• EP 9.98

Guided by Voices

• Box

Rocks. This "Box" rocks. This "Box" is loaded with enough Pop to put you over the edge. Where you want to be. 5 CDs / 6 LPs of sunken treasure. A resurrection supreme of songs circa '87-'92 heard by only a lucky few. Put your ears in the "Box." Wait. Is that a smile on your face?

64.98 CD or LP

Portishead

• Sour Times EP

Sour Times includes five additional new songs and remixes which weren't included on their phenomenal *Dummy* CD. From relative obscurity to one of the most-talked-about bands of late (who says rock doesn't pay!).

• EP 10.98

Hazel

• Are You Going To Eat That

Their second big Sub Pop release. You know, we just plain old like this band. I mean, they rock, write good songs and put on an energetic live show (although the "man" seems to disallow such examples - duh). Hazel asks, "Are you going to eat that?" If their record were food, I would, and I would be eating with the biggest smile my face would allow. Because, without a doubt, it would be the best thing I ever ate. If Hazel records were food, my fridge would be full of them.

• 16.98

Killdozer

• God Hears the Pleas of the Innocent

An ugly band for the common man. Hillbilly music for stomping on graves. The sound of red-neck Wisconsin. A small man with a monster's voice, a big heavy bass. Guitar-skree-noise fills the space all around. Plod on good men.

• 14.98 10.98

Sons of Freedom

• Tex

Long considered to be one of Vancouver's finest rock bands, these fellas have just recently reformed for a few gigs. Digging through the proverbial vaults, this recording comes up with 16 songs spanning the entire *Sons of Freedom* existence from the earliest demos in '87 to the latest recordings they made in '92. Aaaaah... in the words of Peaches & Herb, "reunited, and it feels so good."

• 12.98

Pluto

• Cool Way to Feel

Cute bands will never go out of style, so get used to Pluto. After 3 slick 'n' sexy 7"s, Pluto finally blasts off digitally with 13 tunes on shiny compact disc. Definitely a "cool way to feel."

• 12.98

Royal Trux

• Thank You

Nightmare fragments of the Stones lying all over the place. A kicked-in guitar genius and his girl, the new acid queen. Playing in a junk-strewn gutter. Marking a mess. Making you groove, where they want you to. Down with them. Get down with them. Alien space blues for the apathetic and disaffected.

• 16.98 10.98

Belly

• King

Continuing to carve a fresh niche distinct from the shadow of the T. Muses, Tanya Donelly's Belly shows considerable growth as a band on this second release. Featuring a new bassist and a much more united and confident approach to songwriting, this record should solidify Belly as a force in the pop-rock world.

• 14.98 9.98

All prices in effect until March 31, 1995.

